THE MYTHOLOGY OF POTTERY.

The Origin of the Beautiful Art Traced Back to the Handiwork of the Gods and Goddesses.

PIECES OF PERFECT WORKMANSHIP.

[*Written for the Courier-Journal.*]

II.

When we would go back of our poetical age for the answer to our questions—who taught the first potter his art? who invented the potter's wheel?—fact and fancy, history and legend all become blended in that long-ago period when the heavens came down to meet the earth, when the gods still dwelt among the sons of men. Our almond-eyed guest from the "Celestial Empire" tells us Ronen-on discovered the potter's art 2,700 years before the Christian era, during the time of the good and wise Hoang-ti; that after a long and successful reign, during which his zeal for the welfare of his subjects so increased their happiness and wisdom, he was carried into the realms above upon the back of a "huge-whiskered dragon," and the earth knew him no more.

Our Japanese student, skilled in the love of his self-sustaining little island empire, frowns and shakes his head at his rival's boastful legend, and himself tells this: Long ago, before chronology took the tablets in her hand, Casei-tsunmi, who lived in the reign of Onamnchi-no-mikoto, found the secret, and taught the art to his fellow-men, and his delighted countrymen, in recognition of his usefulness, ever afterward called their benefactor "Rami"—equivalent in our language to Deity. The Egyptian, more religious, removed the invention of this wonderful and interesting art from the earth altogether, and ascribed it directly to the gods.

Osiris was busy with his revels, Thoth in executing his commands, so Num was selected from the Pantheon to come and people the land. Like Israel's Jehovah, the heavens and the earth, the firmament, the sun and the moon, the rivers and the mountains—all a prophecy—a completa habitation for something higher and better yet to come; then lastly the fulfillment—from the clay of the hills on his potter's wheel, the masterpiece of his workmanship—man. And "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," and he became a thinking being, only a little lower than the Creator himself.

THE DEIST

tells us that the great Jewish historian and lawgiver, Moses, borrowed, in the grand first chapter of Genesis, legends handed down from generation to generation around "the flesh-pots of Egypt" in "the house of bondage." In Greece, too, the dust of oblivion covers the name of some worthy mortal benefactor. The active Hellenic mind, teeming ever with beautiful poetic fancy, in the absence of historic truth, bowed before Olympus in recognition of this useful art that taught the poor how to make bread for the mouths of their hungry children out of the bleached and worthless soil of their ravines. Inachus was not to them a bad, bold adventurer, the leader of a kindred band of restless spirits from the deltas of the Nile, who, in 1800 B. C., invaded Greece, founded the important little kingdom of Argos, and there introduced the arts and sciences of Egypt. But instead, he was the son of Oceanus and Lethys, whose cradle was the gentle waves of the blue Mediterranean, and whose slumber-song at even-tide was the soft voice of the west wind.

One legend tells us that singular creation of Greek polytheism, Prometheus, ridiculed all the gods, and Jove, to punish his temerity, ordered Vulcan to make him a wife of clay. Then came into existence Pandora, the first mortal woman. In no way abashed, the dauntless Prometheus stole the secret and taught not only the gods and heroes themselves, but man, the potter's craft, and, despite the thunder of Jove, proved that

"His godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with his precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen man with his own kind."

Another myth is this: After Theseus, by the direction and aid of Ariadne, killed the rapacious Minotarn, of Crete, he treacherously abandoned her on the Island of Noxos. There are two conflicting legends regarding her fate—one a tragedy; one a not unusual romance.

HER FIRST STORY

is brief. She in wild despair hanged herself, and the tide lashing the shore sang her only requiem. The second story is a little longer and more important; and to this, for philological reasons at least, we must give heed.

Not in death, but in the tender woolngs of another lover, did her wild lamentations cease and was the bruised heart made whole. She became the wife of Bacchus; and their son Keramos, from whom we derive our word "Keramic" or "Ceramic," became the patron of potters. Long years after there came a compensation. When the tomb of Ariadne was discovered, her ashes were reverently gathered and borne to a marble temple, and there deposited in one of those beautiful urns, the secret of whose making her son had taught mankind.

The most beautiful legend of all, the old poets give us in musical verse. The meaning, if not the metre, is easily given in our language. Plutus, the god of riches, in his greatness loved only his gold and silver coffers, and despised all else, no matter how tasteful or beautiful, so long as it did not flash with the metallic lustre of the precious metals. Minerva, indignant at his stupid arrogance, said:

"I will show you that, fashioned under the direction of wisdom and skill, the very dust under your feet can be made precious."

In conscious power she defiantly steps from her throne, seats herself at the potter's wheel, takes up a lump of clay, when, upon the instant, up starts from her cunning fingers many a curious shape! Not content, the imperious goddess looks about her, takes up bits of tin and lead, common salt and a few grains of sand. At once these marvelous vessels are covered with an enamel "as dazzling as the sun." Not yet satisfied with her work she goes on a step further, and with dainty brush paints the grand peak far away, the white temple amid the sylvan shade, the lovely shepherdess and her flock on the near hill-side, the merry dancers gay with fragrant garlands in the valley below.

"See!" says Minerva, as she poises one shell-like vase on her cunning finger-tip. "See!"

Plutus, still obstinate and incredulous, answered: "These are but the frail nothings of women!"

Minerva, her keen eye looking prophetically through the centuries and discovering truths we are slowly learning to-day: "This frail thing you hold in such contempt to-day shall tell its story thousands of years after the snowy marbles of all these temples and your shining metals have gone to nothingness!"

THE MASTERPIECES

of Praxitiles and Phidias have long since been mutilated, if not wholly destroyed, and a few cracked bas-reliefs are all that remain to us of their work. The glorious Parthenon, capping the rocky heights of the Acropolis, whose faultless Doric columns hailed the weary soldier and home-sick mariner returning from foreign lands; the chaste Temple of Theseus, with its matronly Ionic scrolls, giving more cordial welcome as it sat, like a brooding bird, on a knoll just above the Pireus; the graceful temple of Jupiter, with its maidenly Corinthian columns shrinking coyly away in the vale toward Hymettus, a gorgeous realization of Calimachus' dream as he leaned in aesthetic rapture over the acanthus faithful love had placed above the dead Greek girl—every proud building, in fact, that proved that Attica was not only in art the queen of her sister States, but the mistress of the world—are now only a few broken caps and mutilated shafts.

Of the 15,000 Etruscan vases now scattered through Europe and America, there is scarcely one that does not illustrate some scene of Greek life. When we reflect upon these facts, it seems no idle jest that the time may come when not the marbles of Pentelicus, nor the bronzes of Monte Catino, but these small, frail figure remain not merely the only perfect, but the only monuments of a land which above all others gave to her own as well as to all subsequent ages models of exquisite mould and perfect symmetry.

About the Lake of Galilee, about 1,800 years ago, there was told a beautiful legend. It was said that the Christ-child of Mary one day sat with a number of play-fellows making earthen birds near the white-sanded shore. His attempts were so poor that his little friends laughed at his work, when lo! something happened! Even then they were made to feel how truly great was his simple effort.

The rude birds gradually assumed shape and life under his touch, and fluttered away over the clear seas and were lost to the wondering little eyes in the blue heavens above.

Thus it is seen that almost every nation has some legend or myth of the beginning of the potter's art; but, with this Galilean fable, we turn to the unquestionable testimony of pottery itself, upon whose silent evidence history can rely for her interesting story.

MARION CALVERT.

VOS DEOS LAUDAMUS.

The Tory Journalist's Anthem.

[As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived—not Cæsar or Pericles, not Shakespeare or Michael Angelo—could confer honor more than he took on entering the House of Lords.—*Saturday Review, Dec.* 15, 1883. Clumsy and shallow snobbery—can do no hurt.—*Ibid.*]

I.

O Lords our Gods, beneficent, sublime,
In the evening, and before the morning flames,
We praise, we bless, we magnify your names.
The slave is he that serves not; his the crime
And shame, who hails not as the crown of Time
That House wherein the all-envious world acclaims
Such glory that the reflex of it shames
All crowns bestowed of men for prose or rhyme.
The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he
Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee
When from a height too high for Shakespeare nods
The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown.
Stoop, Chaucer, stoop; Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down;
These have no part with you, O Lords our Gods.

II.

O Lords our Gods, it is not that ye sit
Serene above the thunder, and exempt
From strife of tongues and casualties that tempt
Men merely found by proof of manhood fit
For service of their fellows: this is it
Which sets you past the reach of Time's attempt,
Which gives us right of justified contempt
For commonwealths built up by mere men's wit;
That gold unlocks not, nor may flatteries ope,
The portals of your heaven; that none may hope
With you to watch how life beneath you plods,
Save for high service given, high duty done;
That never was your rank ignobly won:
For this we give you praise, O Lords our Gods.

III.

O Lords our Gods, the times are evil: you
Redeem the time, because of evil days,
While abject souls in servitude of praise
Bow down to heads untitled, and the crew
Whose honor dwells but in the deeds they do,
From loftier hearts your nobler servants raise
More manful salutation: yours are bays
That not the dawn's plebeian pearls bedew;
Yours, laurels plucked not of such hands as wove
Old age its chaplet in Colonos' grove.
Our time, with heaven and with itself at odds,
Makes all lands else as sea that seethe and boil;
But yours is yet the corn and wine and oil,
And yours our worship yet, O Lords our Gods.
—*[A. C. Swinburne in the Pall Mall Gazette.*

AN OLD ROMAN'S ADDRESS TO THE DEMOCRACY.

[*As Delivered by H. H. McFadden, of the Steubenville Gazette.*]

Friends!
I came not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave! Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, party despots: monarchs
Of a season, who command the statesmen
Rich in some thousand oil refineries, only great
In chanting praises to McLean. Each hour dark
fraud,
Or secret purchase, or protected bribery,
Cries out against them. But this very day
An honest man—my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck like a dog to sell his vote, by one
who swore
The badge of Standard Oil! But he, forsooth,
Raised high his manly voice in air
And sturdily refused the mission to Peru,
Offered by that Pipe Line shark. He is a man
Who suffers not dishonor. But there are others
Who are not men—and such shams are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to
ye—
There was a party once, the republic's pride,
Full of truth and honor, of radiant hope,
Of active works for good; it was known and honored
As the Constitution's guard for scores of years,
And its trust was not betrayed. How I loved
That old Democracy, yet ever young
And pure of heart! I remember then
The soul of purity that in it dwelt, and all
Its record clean. In one short hour
That party pure and clean was gone. I saw
It racked upon a Turbine wheel, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, Ohioans! Rouse, ye
slaves!
Are ye honest men? Look to the next convention
That ye be not dowsed! Have ye principles?
Look
To see them trampled under foot, disdained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yes: this is Ohio
That stood in proudest glory with an honored
name
That ever was unstained! Yet we are Ohioans.
Why in that elder day to be an Ohio Democrat
Was greater than a Senator. And once again—
Hear me, ye Capitol walls, disgraced by tread
Of either Boss! Once again I swear
The Ohio Democracy shall be free!

NEAR CROMER.

[*A. C. Swinburne, in Harper's Weekly.*]

Sea beyond sea, sand after sweep of sand,
Here ivory smooth, here cloven and ridged with
flow
Of channeled waters soft as rain or snow,
Stretch their lone length at ease beneath the
bland
Gray gleam of skies whose smile on wave and
strand
Shines weary like a man's who smiles to know
That now no dream can mock his faith with
show,
Nor cloud for him seem living sea or land.
Is there an end at all of this waste,
These crumbling cliffs defeatured and defaced,
These ruinous heights of sea-sapped walls that
slide
Seaward with all their banks of bleak blown
flowers
Glad yet of life, ere yet their hopes subside
Beneath the coil of dull dense waves and hours?

A PRACTICAL TEST.

[*New York Journal.*]

"Dear heart," I said, "art weary
Of this constant care and strife,
Of the days so long and dreary,
Of the mockery of life?
Would'st lay thy hands in mine, love,
And close thy tired eyes,
And soar away, oh, fond dove,
In fancy to the skies?"

"Yes, dear heart, I'm weary
Of this constant care and strife,
Of the days so long and dreary,
Of the mockery of life;
And I'll close my tired eyes, love,
And in dreams I will aspire
To be a fair and fond dove,
While you can light the fire."

A Mountain Mystery.

[*Philadelphia Telegraph.*]

The citizens of Guilford, Conn., are excited over two strange characters who inhabit a hut on Mount Totaket. On December 4 two days after the mysterious murder of Eldridge F. Johnson, of North Madison, Mr. Potter, who resides on the Guilford side of the mountain, received a call from a dark-looking young man, who approached the house with a suggestive-looking gun thrown over his shoulder. The stranger, in a half-smiling, half-imperious manner, called for some meat and the use of a spade. He said he wanted to build himself a hut on the mountain. Later in the day the Potter boys and some of the neighbors climbed up the mountain and found a man and a woman, who he said was his wife, sitting on a pile of rails eating the food which he had begged in the morning. Beside the rails the man, who, to all appearances, was a mulatto, but who claimed to be an Indian, had been using the spade of the farmer. The farmers asked the fellow some questions and were answered in English, but the woman would not talk and claimed to understand only French.

One of the Potter boys called the next day and found the hut erected, but could not find the woman. About ten days later the matter was brought to the attention of Deputy Sheriff Hart, of this town.

The Sheriff reports finding the couple in their hut. The man called himself Little Deer, and claimed to be a son of Big Deer, chief of some Indian tribe in Canada. About a foot from the ground and attached to the hut was a box with a calico door. This box was the porch of the hut, and to enter the hut it was necessary to go on one's hands and knees and crawl through. The place was heated by a wood fire at a mud-plastered chimney in one corner, and a little place partitioned off was the bedroom.

The wife is a white girl, intelligent, handsome and only 20 years of age. She has handsome dark brown hair and light blue eyes. Some of the neighbors who have visited the place within the last week announce that the woman is in a delicate condition, and that her face had been stained with butternut and some other preparation and made to look as near as possible like that of her tawny companion. The authorities fear that the girl is held in durance by this mulatto until the child is born and she can return to her home. It is evident that the two were carried to the mountain in a team, for they could not have carried so much baggage as they have on their backs.

Sheriff Hart is in consultation with the authorities of Fairfield county to find out the details of the case of a young woman 16 years of age who disappeared from Bridgeport last November. As regards dress, height, hair and eyes, the descriptions are said to agree, but there is difficulty on some other points.

POTATOES AND CABBAGE.

Their Advance to the Front Rank of Vegetable Aristocracy Attributed to German and Not Irish Taste.

LEON ABBETT'S SPEECH.

[*Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.*]

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—I believe the meteorologists all agree in one detail of faith, and that is that the snow-storms come up from the southwest. Raising this belief to its highest power, and making it an all-accredited fact, it then becomes a phenomenon of emigration, which restless evidence of man's discontent has always, with this strange exception, impelled movement from the North to the South and from the West to the East. This rule was proved with two or three variances, such as the outpouring of the Saracens into Spain, the Normans into England, and the gentle Africans, under Hannibal, into Italy. Please, oh good people of Kentucky and Tennessee, keep your snow at home. Store it for summer use. We don't want any more of it. Like R. Van Winkle, as the exquisites call him, we "have had enough." There is snow in the ear this morning; in the hair, as if trying to force the ancient white wig into fashion; it is found boring through the leather integuments of the human foot; gathering in conscienceless and hardened lumps on the sidewalk, with depraved determination to shock the human base with a back trip, and begetting with more than the rapidity of Old Testament folk oaths of startling magnitude and exclamations as novel as the queer-sounding names in Genesis, which created a distinctive difference between "Gether" and "Buz," "Arphaxad" and "Mash." It seems that "Mash" is of respectable antiquity. So is "Dodanim," which sounds like the first attempt at profanity. Man formerly respected the prophetic powers of beasts and birds, but since the goose continued to wear his thin waistcoat after the calendar had marked winter, and certain four-legged brutes provided watering-place cottages for their January lodgings, these hitherto infallible creatures are now ranked with the Vennors and other guess-folk. In addition to the discomforts of bleak winds and cloudy skies (though, to be sure, we have never dropped down to 20° below zero, like Lo, the poor Southerner), prices of all "provend" have frozen up stiff. A cabbage "will come you in" here 30 cents, and a peck of potatoes 80 cents. The only remedy for these siege prices is to fall back upon truffles and green peas, with an occasional variation of cauliflower and French mushrooms. The real hard-working people can't afford to eat vegetables; they eat beef. A very extraordinary thing about our Irish fellow-citizens, who are getting to be too thick for counting, is that they care for no other flesh than that of the patient ox. They look upon fowl, mutton and veal, and especially ham, as only fit for native Americans. My opinion is, and I am willing to back it with a moderate wager, that two Irishmen can eat a cow for breakfast, leaving a remainder estate only fit to be entered upon and seized by the muscular end man in a minstrel band. Hence we get a powerful race of citizens in the good city of New York who are strong enough to spoil the native and divide his goods, such as the judicial bench, the police club and the corner bar-room, the invigorating nursery of the sucking politician.

AS THE IRISH NEVER EAT POTATOES,

and abhor cabbage, the advance to the front rank of aristocracy of these two vegetables must be distinctly charged to the Germans, who look upon potato salad and "sauer kraut" as dishes which would have captured the refined taste of Apicius, and sent the pie of nightingales' tongues to the back shelf. Something must be done with the cabbage and potato question, which is becoming serious enough to generate a new political party. This question once settled to the satisfaction of suffering humanity, the next step in advance on the littered highway of civilization should be to seize the butcher and tone him down with a cleaver. He knows too much. With unerring sagacity he can pick out a tough turkey from a pile of them in a night of pitch, glazed over with Cimmerian darkness. When I send my cook to this supernaturally gifted destroyer of stomachs, he confides to her basket a domestic fowl which seems to have commenced life as a "papier mache" bird in a stage banquet, a miracle of induration with joints like the braces of the elevated road, or the conscience of its directors, applied to which circular saws would be vain and dynamite a babbling jest. This butcher stiffens up the Old Testament by the powerful argument of contrast, causing Adam at his nine hundred and thirtieth birthday to appear as a youth, and the 912 years of Seth to seem as the passing of a summer cloud. And this butcher, who might set up his own statue in solid gold if he liked, or wear a suit of armor out of diamonds if he were of fantastic mold, don't seem to care a cent for the river Jordan and parts adjacent thereto, or dream of a New Jerusalem with a sapphire front door. He imposes upon my messenger merely because she had an unpleasant fairy bossing her birth who endowed her with stupendous stupidity and boundless innocence, a perfect "combination," which, as the only one in this country, ought to draw in any theater in New York for several continuous centuries. She is only sixteen. I am determined that Bartley Campbell shall write a play for her.

On Saturday night, coming out of the Bijou Theater with Bob Miles, I was persuaded to go into a place where Germans sit in small circles of six or eight and experiment with tobacco and beer. In the center of the densest cloud of smoke there was soon established an odd group of contrarities—Miles, Gen. Barton, Kesler, the leader of the orchestra; the murderous Max Freeman, who wrote the libretto of "Orpheus and Eurydice;" Byrne, the editor of the *Daily Standard*, and Frederick Marsden, the diminutive, but thoroughly appreciated modern Shakespeare. Byrne, who had upheld Marsden's play which the London critics had heartily pelted, encouraged the author by telling him that the English did not condemn him, but the bad taste of Lotta, who had introduced Moody and Sankey's sensational hymns into the piece. Marsden became very much soothed under this kind-hearted presentation of the state of affairs. The oddity of it all came later, the cable bringing news on Sunday morning that Lotta had made a great success as *Little Nell and the Marchioness*, the dramatization of a story with which it is popularly supposed Mr. Marsden had but little hand in. In fact, it is a matter of obstinate belief with many that Charles Dickens, in writing this story, had taken the sagacious precaution of commencing and finishing the "Old Curiosity Shop" before Marsden was born. Fred. is a nice fellow and a clever dramatist, for any man who can write a play to order for $5,000, an effort which I believe he has several times successfully repeated, becomes necessarily as prominent a man in the dramatic stock market as Jay Gould is in the financial one. The two men are of the same weight to an ounce. Perhaps there is something in that. Charles Gaylor, on the contrary, has not made such a very large fortune out of his own plays. And yet put Gould-Marsden and some other infinitely small man, the late President Hayes, for instance, on to one bed of a pair of scales and Charles on to the other, the three would go up like a rocket. The ways of fate are certainly inscrutable.

AN ORIGINAL SCHEME

for depleting the pockets of the public has recently been discussed by three necromancers—Nat. Goodwin, John T. Raymond and William Florence. The idea is a comedy theater, with this three as the main attraction, adding a picked stock company, which should include two or three bright, comedy actresses. Not a bad conception if it can be carried out. One of the three, in speaking of it to-day, seemed to think "there was millions in it." I doubt the practicability of the enterprise. We have "Hotspur's" fiery expressed opinion that "two stars can not shine in the same hemisphere," and if two can not what hope is there for three? There will always exist among stars that sort of rivalry which engenders at least smothered hostility and which forbids anything like long-continued co-operation. I saw the union of Wallack and Davenport, Mrs. Farren being the female attraction. This was the first "coubination," so-called. It played to enormous business throughout the country, though separately these two celebrated actors could not draw large houses. Jarrett, who managed the affair, could never enlist these two men under his banner for another season. They both protested that they would not allow an outsider to make money out of their brains. The combination was dissolved, and Wallack went his way and Davenport his. The result was that while together they could draw houses in the Western cities of from $700 to $1,000 nightly alone each played to about $900.

The inaugural speech of Leon Abbett, Governor of New Jersey, is rightly characterized by the *Evening Telegram* as "a bold and original document." He attacks the petted corporations of State legislation, and asserts that "the sovereign rights of the State have been bartered away; that taxation, the only true rule of which is equality, should not be a matter of contract between the State and a corporation." Every one in this locality knows that the State of New Jersey was the property of the Camden and Amboy railroad. The State, considered as property, is now owned by the assignee of the Camden and Amboy, the Pennsylvania road, with certain propriatary rights reserved to the Delaware and Lackawanna and other powerful corporations. In fact, the audacity of these overgrown monsters was such that only within a short time they nearly succeeded in establishing a claim to the whole water-front of Jersey City.

A very good suggestion of Gov. Abbett is that Directors of savings banks should be made to give bonds and be held personally liable to depositors. And the concluding sentences in this clause of the address have a broad and catholic view that commend them to every reasonable mind. He says:

"When a savings bank fails the injury is not alone in loss of money to the depositors and the suffering which such loss entails upon the poor, but it has a still worse effect in destroying habits of economy in the poor. They lose all incentive to save when their earnings are lost by the incompetence or crime of the Directors."

Leon Abbett has undertaken a colossal task, compared to which the labors of Hercules sink into the trifling amusements of a summer's day. He has undertaken to fight the hydra-headed corporations of New Jersey to bring about equality of taxation and make the rich man shoulder his share of the load. "Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just." What panoply of mailed armor must he wear? What "shoes of swiftness, and girded with what sword of sharpness to win against such almost invincible foes!" It is the first gauntlet thrown down in the coming fight, where capital, aided by corrupt legislative bodies, will hold the lists against the half armed laborer. Justice may triumph in the end, but there will be long and weary waiting between the acts.

Mrs. Langtry is a "great drawing card" (slang for attractive star) at the Fifth Avenue. J. Stetson can allow his *Police Gazette* coffers to recuperate so long as the Lily remains in his theater. *Why* she draws no one will pretend to say. As she *can't* act people seem frantic to see her. If she *could* act they would stay at home.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND'S NEW PIECE

of nonsense has caught the fickle taste of the public. *Gen. Josiah Limber* has become a reality. On Saturday night last they turned 600 people away from the doors—none of them dead-heads. An intimate friend and old partner of Sammy Colville's has inspected that gentleman's "works," I mean his books, and finds that he has made $25,000 this season. Whether Sammy has, in this short reign with Plutus for a Prime Minister, and Fortune turning the crank, elevated the drama or not, is a matter I have no doubt as profoundly indifferent to him as it is to the public. Nothing but nonsense has succeeded this season, with the exception of the great master, Irving.

It is reported that J. Haverly has recently made $40,000 on corn. I suppose such a thing could be done—under miraculous circumstances. He is looking 'round for an eligible lot for a theater. As soon as he finds one he will set the McElfatricks at work on the plans. There is no more cultivated man in this country, unless it might be Stetson, than Jack Haverly. He has withal the temperament of success. He does not smoke, he does not drink, he does not sigh for the society of the Queen of Sheba, or any of her descendants. A man of this kind of well-regulated machinery ought to win.

Patti repeated her great success of "Crispino a la Comare" last night to a crowded house. She sang Ardite's waltz song, and the leader and the "diva" at the conclusion shook hands over the foot-lights. It wouldn't have seemed out of place if they had both said "shake."

MARLSTICK.

HIS STAR.

[*Judge.*]

A gentle youth on Annie gazed,
With, oh! such tender eyes.
She paused a moment on her skates
And spoke, with some surprise.

"Oh! tell me why, my gentle youth,
Why do you gaze on me?"
"Because," he said, "you are the star
That rules my destiny."

But Annie, sore perplexed, replied
"That can not sure be so,
It seems to me you make a star,
No matter where you go."

He strode away upon his skates
With air as brave as Mars.
Then tumbled flat upon his back,
Exclaiming: "Oh! my stars."

[*Written for the Courier-Journal.*]

CUPID'S ARROW.

The little God stood at my door
Whom I had turned so oft away;
But F lendship's harmless guise he wore
And sweetly stole my heart away.

Of all the masks that he can wear,
Of all the pranks that he can play,
None better hide his fatal snares
Than friendship—as I know to day.

I could not think—I did not dream
Of danger from my sober guest;
But Gods, nor men, are what they seem—
The arrow quivers in my breast.

MRS. JENNIE JONES CUNNINGHAM.

Juan, the Boy Captive.

[*Denver News.*]

With J. H. Alden, who returned yesterday from the Mexican border, was a youth of 18 years named Juan. "Juan," said Mr. Alden, who has a large ranch at Alma, "is a real live character in an Indian romance. Six years ago the Apaches raided my herds and carried a great number off into the mountains. As many others had suffered I easily gathered a troop of horse and followed the trail along the Gila. One evening, several days after we had crossed the border, our scouts rode back and notified us that we were almost upon the enemy, so proceeding more cautiously, we kept on stealing our way through the dense chapparal, when we suddenly came upon a scene calculated to freeze the very blood in our veins.

"There in an open space was a small Mexican settlement, consisting of one large square building of adobe with one large door or gate opening outward, but devoid of any other mode of egress or of obtaining light. The four sides of this structure faced a large court yard on the inside, into which opened the doors and windows of perhaps a score of separate dwellings forming a part of the whole edifice. The roof was of thatch, and when we came into full view this was burning. We charged and killed many of the devils, but others escaped. Dividing our party into two sections, one of whom staid back for a half hour or so to extinguish the fire and make an examination, the rest pushed on after the fugitives. Several skirmishes were had and the Indians were driven hard, but the fragment of them eventually escaped into the mountain fastnesses, where it was impossible to pursue them farther.

"I was leading the advance party, and, having a good horse, was some distance ahead of my men when I came upon one of the Apaches, who was urging his pony to his utmost speed. In front of him, held with a strong grasp, was a boy of perhaps twelve years of age, whose terror was made greater by the tactics of the wily Apache, who held him up as a shield to protect him from the shots of my Winchester. My horse, however, carried me to his side, when I seized the bridle of his pony with one hand; I dealt him a blow with the butt of my rifle, felling him to the ground. The Mexican boy also fell with him, but I picked him up and found that he was uninjured, but terribly frightened. That boy was Juan, who, after recovering his senses and realizing that he had been saved from a terrible death, evinced his gratitude by every means in his power, clasping my knees and calling me in Mexican his 'preserver' and 'savior.' Finding that the Indians had escaped us, we retraced our course to the ruins of the village, where we rejoined our comrades and camped for the night, a few of the Mexicans who had run away at the first attack returning to their devastated home.

"Every member of Juan's family had fallen a victim to the ferocity of the Apaches, and the next morning when we started on our homeward course, he manifested such a strong desire to go with me that I yielded, and he accompanied me home. The Indians we had captured we turned over to the Mexican authorities. Juan, now like a son to me, has since been a member of my household. One of the principal objects of my visit is to place him in a good school, as I intend to educate him as a gentleman."

CHINESE GORDON.

The Story of a Life Full of Adventure and Stirring Incidents.

[*London Times.*]

The story of Chinese Gordon's life, full as it has been of adventure and stirring incident, can not fail to appeal to a wide circle of readers. Very few men of our age have held so large a place in public consideration as he has, both for his lofty courage and for his honesty of purpose, while his achievements in China have obtained a durable place in history. Mr. Egmont Hake's narrative is interesting; and it could not appear at a more opportune moment than now, when so many of the scenes, both in China and Soudan, with which Gordon's name is connected, are subjects of general attention. The record of Gordon's career would be impressive under any circumstances, but it will be allowed to his biographer that he has turned to good use the copious materials at his disposal, and that this volume is worthy the fame of its subject.

Mr. Hake describes in some detail the early incidents of his cousin's career. The traditions of his family made Charles Gordon a soldier. His father was a Major General in the artillery; his elder brothers had preceded him in the profession of arms. It was the most natural arrangement that he himself should be entered at Woolwich for the Royal Engineers. At Woolwich he was not considered in his studies a promising candidate. Once, Mr. Hake tells us, he was rebuked for incompetence and "told that he would never make an officer; whereupon he tore the epaulets from his shoulders and flung them at his superior's feet." He obtained his commission none the less, and in 1855 proceeded to the Crimea, where he served several months in the trenches, and obtained the reputation of being the quickest man to detect the plans and movements of the Russians. After the close of the war he was employed on the Frontier Commission in Bessarabia and Armenia, where his talent as a draughtsman stood him in such good stead that all his applications for leave to return home were distinctly refused at the Horse Guards. In the year 1860 the difficulty with China had assumed a serious form owing to the repulse of Admiral Hope's attacks on the Taku forts, and a large Anglo-French expedition was sent to the Peiho for the purpose of bringing the Chinese Government to reason. Before Gordon reached China the Taku forts had been attacked a second time and captured; but he was engaged in all the latter operations, which terminated with the occupation of Pekin and the destruction of the Summer Palace. When the Taipings became more active in the country round Shanghai, Gordon's experience of the Chinese—for at Tientsin he had employed his spare time in studying the character and country of the people—was called into requisition for the purpose of clearing the district round that great place of trade of the insurgents. His measures were completely successful, and when he had driven the Taipings back to the line of the Grand Canal he zealously devoted himself to the task of personally surveying the whole country for a distance of thirty miles round Shanghai. This thoroughness showed the character of the man, and he attributed to the topographical knowledge thus acquired his subsequent success when employed in the Emperor's name against the bands of the Nankin faction.

The necessities of the Chinese Government compelled it to have recourse to foreign allies; but although the services of a few American adventurers were obtained, neither their exploits nor their character promised a speedy issue from the dangerous situation into which the young Emperor's authority had been brought. The climax was reached when Burgevine violently appropriated for his own purposes the sum of $40,000, and was dismissed from the Chinese service in consequence. It was then that the Chinese applied to the English General to nominate a trustworthy officer for the command of the foreign-drilled contingent, and Gen. Stavely named Capt. Gordon, then not more than 30 years of age. The manner in which he led the so-called "ever victorious army" from one success to another, until he had cleared the province of Kiangsu and the course of the Grand Canal of the presence of the Taiping rebels, is almost a thrice-told tale; but still Mr. Hake has succeeded in imparting freshness to a record of military achievements which in their way were still and unique. When Gordon assumed the command of the force a necessity for greater vigor had arisen in consequence of the defeat of Col. Holland in an attack on Taitsan. The Taipings were naturally very jubilant over their success, and affected for a time to entertain a contempt for the prowess of Europeans. "They thought they could take Nankin, and they have failed before Taitsan." Such was their boast when Gordon was called upon to repair the blunders and misfortunes of his predecessors. He soon justified the expectations of those who had followed his career by capturing both Fushan and Taitsan. Other successes rapidly followed. His force was dressed in a semi-European uniform, and the men wore boots. Such was the terror produced by their presence that the Mandarins availed themselves of a ruse in order to spread a belief that they were more numerous than they were. The Taotai of Shanghai purchased some thousand pairs of European boots, which he distributed so that "the marks of Gordon's soldiers might be everywhere visible." We must make room for the following quotation, showing how Gordon obtained his extraordinary influence over the Chinese and his not less remarkable hold on the adventurers from all countries arrayed under his flag:

"In almost all these engagements Gordon found it necessary to be constantly in the front, and often to lead in person. The officers of his force were brave men enough, but were not always ready to face their desperate antagonists. Gordon, in his mild way, would take one or other of these by the arm and lead him into the thick of the fire. He always went unarmed himself, even when foremost in the breach. He never recognized danger; to him a shower of bullets was no more than a hail storm. He carried one weapon to direct his troops—he had but a little cane, and this soon won for itself the name of 'Gordon's magic wand of victory.' His Chinese followers, seeing him always victorious, always foremost in the fight, concluded that it was his wand that insured him protection. The idea encouraged the ever victorious army greatly, and was of more service to the young commander than all the arms he could have borne."

Gordon left China in 1864, and returned to England. He was still only a Captain of Engineers. Yet he had led several thousand men with consummate skill, and it was not denied that he had won great victories. Having thus outstripped all laws of seniority, having commanded armies and saved an empire when he should, according to rule, have been still engaged in mastering the intricacies of fortification, it necessarily followed that it was not an easy matter to provide him with suitable work on his return. With the best possible intentions the young hero was given a consular appointment on the Danube, whence he was summoned in 1874 to Egypt by the late Khedive. The new task assigned to him was in some respects more difficult than that intrusted to him in China, for whereas in the far East he had only to vanquish an enemy whose forces were revealed, he had to deal in the Soudan with difficulties which were only partially known, while he had to reconcile as well as he could instructions that were incompatible with the facts of the position. It was to his credit that, working on a reduced pay, and without any desire for fame, he devoted all his powers to the performance of his work, and constituting himself the champion of distressed humanity, spared no effort to put an end to the suffering and infamous lot of the dark-skinned races over whom he was called to exercise authority. During five years he toiled in this cause with unflagging zeal, and when he resigned the powers with which the Khedive had intrusted him, it was admitted that he had not merely put a stop to the worst evils of the traffic in slaves, but that he had prepared the way for the emancipation of the Soudanese in 1889, should the Egyptian Government of that day possess the forces and the will to make good its bond. So far as his career has yet run, Chinese Gordon, who is a Major General in the Royal Engineers, will be remembered for two episodes, the Taiping Rebellion and the Governorship of the Soudan. His biographer shows that his private life has been a counterpart of his public career. Devotion to duty has been his motto throughout, and if his extreme dislike to be praised and his over-anxiety to hide himself and his actions from the world have been sometimes misunderstood, they are the natural accompaniments of his simple but lofty character. The age of heroes has long gone by, but so long as Chinese Gordon is with us there will be a living type of the qualities which were, and must always be, heroic.

ORATORIO PERFORMANCES.

Four Recitals of "The Messiah" Constitute the Principal Feature of Christmas Week in London.

VOCAL AND ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

[*Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.*]

LONDON, Jan. 2.—The holidays have come and gone, and, taking them all in all, I have never seen so quiet a Christmas anywhere before. The shops, especially those in Regent, Bond and Oxford streets, have been brilliant in their array of holiday wares, but there seemed no unusual crowds in the streets, no special excitement anywhere, no "hurrah," such as we are accustomed to in America. I was told that on Boxing Day (the day after Christmas) the merry-making would be more exuberant, but beyond a little more drunkenness, male and female, in the streets than usual, there was little going on to indicate the passing of the joyful season. The theaters were all closed Christmas Eve and Christmas night, but opened in pantomime splendor Boxing Day and evening.

The most noticeable observance of the period seems to have been in the number of oratorio performances given in London during holiday week; there were four performances, all of "The Messiah," in various parts of the city. I attended what it was believed would be the best one, but if it was so, the others must have ranged from indifferent to positively bad. By far the best and largest choir I have heard in London is Mr. Barnby's. This numbers apparently nearly 700 voices, the performances being usually given at the Royal Albert Hall in Kensington.

The most enjoyable concert of the past week was at St. James' Hall on Saturday last. Schubert's Quartet in A minor was beautifully given, with Mme. Norman-Neruda leading. M. De Pachman played, among other numbers, Schuman's Sonata Op. 22, in G minor, magnificently, and, after being enthusiastically recalled, Moscheles' Etude in G, in a very perfect manner. The audience seemed determined to force him to respond to an additional encore, but he sensibly and persistently declined. Mr. Santley was the vocal soloist, and sang Gounod's "Noel," published in America under the title of "Christmas Morn," in a high and brilliant key, and two of Schuman's songs.

HUNDREDS OF SOLO SINGERS.

There must be absolutely hundreds of solo singers in London, and I mean really good singers, who have claims quite worthy of consideration as to their ability to entertain an audience. Of course there are only a few very great singers among them; for instance, if Santley's services are procurable, no other barytone ever has a chance to sing the Messiah solos, which this great artist gives in a manner to almost impress one they were written for him. And yet there are many splendid barytone and bass voices in London, as well as tenors; and then the English singers have such a free, broad style of singing, their musical work seems so hearty, that their success with their audiences is not to be wondered at. I overheard a gentleman, at a soiree recently, in which a young barytone singer was "going through" some stirring German song in a small, feeble manner, remark: "Hang the fellow! if he claims to be a singer, why doesn't he sing out like a man!" And this seems to be p

TYPE-SETTING MACHINES.

What Has Been Done to Take the Place of Hand Labor.

[*New York Sun.*]

That interest in the progress of type-setting machines is not confined exclusively to printers and publishers is manifest in a communication to the Sun asking: What has invention accomplished in that direction, and what practical demonstration of successful continuous working of such machines is now afforded in New York?

In 1841 a Frenchman named Delcambre patented in this country a type-setting machine, which in some respects may be regarded as the parent of at least some of the more important principles of mechanism since invented in the construction of the Burr and several later kindred inventions. In it the types were arranged in upright channels above a key board, and, as successively liberated by the action of keys, traveled singly down inclined planes by serpentine channels, and were ranged into a long line which had to be subsequently broken up and justified. A distributor was associated with the machine, but in the judgment of practical printers was less effective than the setting apparatus. The next machine to claim public attention in this line was the Alden, a very large and complicated thing, full of delicate mechanism, which contracted the types to a common center from radiating channels. It is said by those interested in it that more than $800,000 in cash has been put into the development of this machine, and still it has not yet been able to demonstrate itself a practical success, owing to its intricacy, delicacy and liability to get out of order. Accompanying it was a distributer, in which the principle now in use on the Burr, Thorne, and other machines of the automatic selection of the types by the various niches on their edges was employed. About 1874 the Page machine was patented, and later a distributor was associated with it, but after expending somewhere near a million dollars on it the stockholders are said to have allowed their interests to lapse back into the hands of the inventor, who is still hopefully at work on it. The Kastenbein machine, made in Brussels, is about twelve years old, and is understood to be acceptable in Germany, but has not been found profitable here. Mr. George Munro bought three of these machines about two years ago to set up the German versions of his "Seaside Library" stories, but found it cheaper to employ hand labor, and the machines now stand unused in his establishment. They are big, clumsy affairs, in which there seems to be a good deal of waste motion, unnecessary friction and uncalled for complication. No distributor goes with them. Girls or boys have to distribute the "dead matter" by hand, poking the type separately in little holes, where they drop into metal channels for transfer to the setting apparatus. Another foreign machine that has been shown, but never introduced here, was the Fraser of Edinburgh. It set up matter in a manner considerably like the Burr, or the parent Delcambre machines, but had a distributor that at least presented the interest of novelty, as it worked by a sort of reversal of the setting principle, the types being picked up and carried to their respective places by the operation of keys. Although not successful here, it is said that this machine is employed profitably in John Black's great printing establishment in Edinburgh.

Ten Burr machines are used by Mr. George Munro, there are three more working in the *Tribune* office, and several are kept constantly employed by the manufacturers. They have been tested about two years. The machine is cumbrous and its distributor is very noisy, but both work effectively, and, with two hands to each apparatus, turn out about as much solid matter a day as would be expected from seven or eight ordinarily good compositors. Very expert and industrious operators can exceed this proportion, but the relative yield of work averages about that much. The weekly work—60 hours—of each "team" is expected to be about 270,000 ems. That is frequently exceeded, and one team here of exceptional ability has turned out 60,000 ems in a day, and 343,000 ems in the week. The cost of composition is divided up into several small parts, but aggregates a little less than 25 cents a 1,000 ems, as against the 40 cents a 1,000 paid for composition by hand. The "setter," who manipulates the keys, gets 6½ cents a thousand; the "justifiers," 6½ cents; the "distributor," 4 cents; the "corrector," 3 cents; the "overrunners," who pick out quads, italics and odd sorts from the dead matter before it goes to the distributing machine, get $18 a week each, and there are two of them employed on the ten machines; the "pi setters" get $6 or $8 a week, and there are other petty fractions of expense on minor labor, fairly chargeable to the machines, that bring up the total to the amount stated. That does not include interest on investment, which is considerable, as ten machines, with their distributing apparatus, represent $40,000. The types, in the Burr setter, are arranged in long vertical channels above and in front of the operator at the key board, and travel down their several ways to a carrier that brings them out in a long line to the justifier. All odd sorts must be added by hand. The working of that apparatus is not difficult for anybody to understand, but the distributing machine is complicated. In the latter the successive page lines of type are lifted into place automatically and passed along continuously on an endless carrier composed of separate little blocks of steel. The nicks on the types are the guides by which they are, as they pass along, thrust down into their respective appropriate channels. Those which are missed in their progression, or odd sorts overlooked by the "overrunner," drop into a pi box to be set up by girls and distributed by hand. Each set of channels constitutes a "case," which, when filled, is ready to be put into place on the setting apparatus. The allowed weight of font to each machine here is 1,000 pounds. Each machine must be constructed for one particular size of type, and can be adapted to no other. Those used by Mr. Munro are all built for brevier. The distributor does not do its share of the work so rapidly as an expert setter can use the type in composition, but the manufacturers have refused to sell more than one distributor with one setting machine.

The opinion of those who have had practical experience with the Burr machine is that where employed on straightforward book work or other largely solid matter, with very little odd sorts, and when manipulated by skilled men, it is profitable, but not even then to a very great extent, and for newspaper work they regard its usefulness as doubtful. An important consideration is the getting of men to operate it who are at once skilled compositors, good manipulators of the keys, and sufficiently able mechanics to thoroughly understand the machines and keep them in perfect working order. Whether the seeming violence of motion and friction of so many small parts, in such delicate service as the distributor involves, will seriously tend to shorten the profitable working life of the machine or not, will best be determined by longer practical test than has yet been afforded.

A new machine, of which experts expect a good deal, is the invention of Joseph Thorne. Two of these, one setting brevier and the other long primer, are now, and for some time have been, working very satisfactorily in an office in Beekman street. The Thorne machine is, in appearance, the simplest and most compact. It comprises both setting and distributing mechanism in one machine, and these several parts may be operated either independently or together. The distributing and setting cylinders are mounted vertically, the former on top and rotating, the latter stationary. Each cylinder has seventy-two tangentially arranged type channels, in which the types rest on their sides in vertical lines. As the distributing cylinder revolves, its channels are intermittently halted exactly over the channels of the setting cylinder below, and the nicks on the types and wards on the channel mouths are the guides that determine whether the type exposed at the bottom of the upper channel shall drop into the top of the one below or shall pass on to find elsewhere its proper lodgment. In composition, pressure on keys selects the desired types, pushes them out on a rapidly revolving disk, which throws them centrifugally against a stationary guard rail, by which they are directed on a belt that carries them to a revolving lifter, and so they pass into a long setting stick in front of the operator. From that stick, at its extremity, they are justified. It is claimed that it will set and distribute 6,000 ems an hour.

The machines here mentioned are by no means the only ones invented in this country for the automatic handling of types. There have been some thirty or more patents granted for machines and attachments of this nature; but those referred to are simply those that have attained and seemed to deserve most prominence, as far as the reporter has been enabled to obtain reliable information.

The Old Man's Trouble.

[*Puck's Sun.*]

On Wednesday two men who are in the habit of dropping into a saloon every day for a lunch and a drink and a jolly laugh, met as usual, but one of them was looking sad, and nothing his friend could say seemed to revive his spirits. After taking a drink the sad man warmed up a little, and sighed, and then he said:

"Pardner, I am going to procure a divorce."

Had a beer-keg exploded in their midst, the friend could not have been more astonished. "Great heavens," said he, "you don't accuse your wife of—"

"No, I don't," said the sad man. "Nothing of the kind. But I can not be ruined, have my property destroyed recklessly by a woman with no sense. Oh, it is too much," and the sad man dropped his head on the beer-table and wept.

"Confide in me," said the friend, encouragingly, ordering more beer. "Tell me what has happened to crush you. Some crackers and cheese with this," to the bartender.

"Well, I will tell you," said the ruined man, as he wiped a tear from his eye and blew the foam from the beer. "You remember that exhibition of the Harden Hand Grenade Fire Extinguisher that we attended, where a fellow threw a bottle of saleratus water at a lot of burning barrels of kerosene and tar, and put the fire out so quick we had to go and get a drink to keep warm? Well, I thought they would be a handy thing to have in the house in case of fire, and I bought a case of a dozen bottles of the granades and sent them up to the house. I didn't kick when I came home and found the hired girl had opened one of the hand grenades and filled the vinegar cruet with the contents; but I went right to work and explained to the whole family what the grenades were for, and how, if a fire broke out in the house, they wanted to throw the bottles at the fire and break them, and the gas would put out the fire. I thought they all understood it, and I put the bottles down cellar. This morning my wife got up first and went down stairs to stir up the furnace, and pretty soon I heard a smashing down cellar, as if all the glassware in the house was being broken, and the hired girl came up and told me the kindling-wood in the cellar was all afire. I jumped into one pantaloons leg and went down, and there stood the old lady firing bottles at the fire, left handed. You know how a woman throws! She could just hit a pile of kindling-wood, if she throwed the bottle in the opposite direction. Well, every bottle she threw seemed to make the fire worse, and when I got there I told her to hand me a bottle she was just going to throw, and when she handed it to me it fairly took my breath away. She had gone into the wrong box, and had been throwing champagne and brandy, and whisky, some imported liquors that I would not have had destroyed for five hundred dollars. O, it was the worst wreck you ever saw," and the man bowed his head again and wept.

"Well, did you put the fire out?" said the friend.

"Put it out! Why, bless you, as soon as I recovered from the shock that I had when she handed me the bottle of champagne, I went and got the hand grenades and fired three of them at the fire and it all went out, quicker than wink, but the loss was terrible, and the insurance company refuses to pay for my liquor. I can never live with that woman again. I have a suspicion that she did it on purpose."

The friend tried to soothe the anger of his old cann, but time only can cause him to look upon his wife as anything but an enemy.

A Boy Thief's Treasures.

A Hartford special to the New York *Morning Journal* says:

This curious collection of boy treasures was viewed in Chief of Police Packard's office to-day: A nickel-plated bicycle which cost $82 50, an elegant rosewood music-box valued at $65, a double oil stove with attachments for which $15 was paid, an amateur printing press for which $15 was paid, an amateur printing press for which $25 was paid and another of a smaller pattern $15, six fonts of different type in a cabinet, a violin and box $20, a snare drum with nickel body $12, a harness, lap-robe, mat and blanket $22 50, a child's sleigh $10; a white astracnan cloak, red silk lined, $14, a sealskin hat $9, two pairs of kid gloves $4, a gold thimble and case $5, a suit of clothes, made to order, to be used as a bicycle suit only, $20, a toy express wagon $8, a silver watch $10, another $10, two large cut glass bottles with exquisite eau de cologne $2 50 each, an elegant pair of pearl mounted opera glasses $15, a magic lantern and slides $5, silk stockings $4, an overcoat $8, plated fruit dish, pickle jar, cup and oyster ladle, an elegant gold pen with a very clear pearl handle, a silver watch chain, $5, two pair of nickel club skates $4 50 per pair, a pocket knife, pearl handled, $4 50, two velocipedes $13 50, and a tryeicle $14, gold neck chain and locket $14, a neck scarf $4, and an innumerable host of other goods, including enough toy books to stock a small stationery store; ivory handled whip $3 50, nickled music stand $3 50, etc. All these goods were purchased by Josh Hubbard, a twelve-year-old son of W. F. Hubbard, living at 75 Governor street, with money stolen from his father. The boy is a bright and precocious youth. Mr. Hubbard, the father, runs the grist mill of Smith, Northam & Co., of this city. He handles all the proceeds of the mill, and as he makes weekly settlements with the owners he usually has considerable money by him. He has been in the habit of hiding his funds about his house, and the boy has just as regularly been in the habit of discovering the treasure and helping himself. Messrs. Smith, Northam & Co., became convinced that they were not receiving the money that they should, and a watch was set. The boy confessed that he had been taking money from his father for nearly a year, and that in all he must have stolen between $500 and $700. The house was searched, and a cart-load of goods found that had been carried home by the boy. He calmly listened to his trial in court this forenoon, and like a young stoic received his sentence, a pilgrimage to the State Reform School until he is 21 years old.

Pursuing a Female Horse-thief.

[*New York Herald.*]

A fleeing woman, pursued by a closed two-horse carriage, in which was seated Deputy Sheriff John Duffy, of Winchester county, and the carriage in turn followed by single buggies and men and boys on foot, was one of the scenes in North Broadway, White Plains, yesterday morning. The woman had got about half a mile the start of the officer, and had it not been for the snow and ice she would in all probability have escaped. She was captured, after an exciting chase of about two miles, at Kensico depot and taken back to White Plains. She gave her name as Mary Ellen O'Brien, but refused to name her dwelling place.

Her arrest was brought about in this way: On Sunday night a horse and buggy belonging to Livingston R. Purdy were stolen from under the Methodist church shed at Mamaroneck while the owner and his sweetheart were attending divine services. A description of the stolen rig was sent to White Plains yesterday, and soon afterward Miss O'Brien was seen by James Young, a liveryman, driving along Broadway. He stopped the young woman, and she jumped out and ran. Mr Young secured the horse and notified Mr. Duffy, who was close at hand. Mr. Duffy gave chase and the woman increased her speed. Seeing that she was hotly pursued she ran across lots to the railroad track and gained half a mile on her pursuers, who were obliged to follow the wagon road. At Kensico the wagon road lies close to the railroad, and, as the woman turned the curve, Mr. Duffy overtook her.

The young woman refused to give any account of herself, except to say that she stole the horse herself and had been driving all night alone. The appearance of the horse and the woman indicated that she had told the truth. She said she was going to take the horse to New York. It is believed that she is connected with a gang of horse thieves. She is about 20 years old, has black hair and gray eyes, and looks like a waiting maid or a nurse girl.

A Disappointed Patient.

[*Philadelphia Call.*]

He had sworn off drinking the first of the year, and not feeling very well applied to a physician for advice.

"Your system," said the doctor, "needs quinine. I would advise you to take say two ounces about four times a day."

"The very thing, I do believe!" exclaimed the patient. "I wonder quinine did not occur to me. And how much whisky did you say I should take with each dose?"

"I didn't say you should take any whisky with each dose. Take the quinine in the form of pills."

GUITRIPPAH AS A POET.

The Colonel Tries the Bread-Winner Dodge on the Public.

[*Inter-Ocean.*]

"Did you all evah write any poetry, sah?" asked Col. Gutrippah.

"Yes, Colonel," replied the reporter; "but I abandoned it to learn the trade of sausage filling."

"Well, sah, it's mighty strange, sah, that I nevah run onto any of you alls poetry. What was you alls best lay, sah?"

"That's the trouble again I ran to sentimental, pathetic and comic, without any specialty, and consequently could not excel in any one line."

"Seems to me, sah, that I have seen some of you alls poetry somewhah. Whah could it have been, sah? Ah you all they authah of that fine pome on they death of a favahrite game chicken, sah?"

"No," said the reporter, shortly.

"I know, sah. I could pick you alls style outen a hash made of a thousand poets, sah. Now I've got it, sah. You all wrote 'Billy McLane,' sah."

"Never heard it. Let's hear it, Colonel."

"I can remembah but a fragment of it all, sah. Heah it is:

A funny thing happened to Billy McLane.
When he all heah his mothah-in-law was dead.
He seized he alls hat, coat, rubbahs, and cane,
And painted they town with a brilliant red.

"That's all I can remembah of it, sah. What do you think of it?"

"It's very good, Colonel, but I didn't write it."

"Then they is a niggah song that sounds like you all, sah:

Blacksmith Brown was they blackest of they lot.
Foh his face was black as they bottom of a pot.
Called to everybody what passed by they road:
"Go light on they hosses and easy on they load."
Light on they hosses,
Easy on they load;
Biz trees was little ones
Befoh they growed.

Death took Brown in they middle of they day,
No time foh cussing; half a houah to pray.
Everybody told they hearse a passing by they road:
"Go light on they hosses and easy on they load."
Light on they hosses,
Easy on they load;
Big trees was little ones
Befoh they growed.

"There seems to be plenty of music in that, Colonel, as well as plenty of feet; but I am afraid I

CAN'T CLAIM THE AUTHORSHIP.

Look here; I believe you are taking this scheme to put out same of your own poetry."

"No, sah!" he exclaimed, emphatically. "Do I look like a cussed condemned poet, sah? Spill my Southern blood if I don't b'lieve I'll have to commit justifiable homicide befoh I done get through with you all!

"Did you all write that ballad that begins:

'I've wandahed by they village, Tom!'"

"No, again."

"By they way, sah, what is a village Tom?"

"I've no idea."

"Heah's a good one, sah, and if you all didn't write it, you may strike me dead foh mutton:

'Tis like stirring living embahs,
When last summah I remmbahs;
When the circus pitched its canvas on the village public squah.
I didn't have much money
But the day was bright and sunny,
And I had foh fights in half a houah, struck, fit, bit and pulled hath.

When a little circus fellah
Hit me smack upon they smellah,
And I retaliated with a hot one on the eah.
This was undahneath a wagon,
And I didn't have a rag on
When the dust began to settle and they scenery to appeah.

"For heaven's sake, Colonel!" exclaimed the reporter. "Have you

GOT THE ILLIMITABLE GALL

to charge me with the authorship of your own miserable doggerel? What is the matter with you to-day?"

"I believe, sah, I can discovah traces of you alls fine Italian hand in this, sah:

Now, I'll say to each backward and bashful young mule,
If he all wants to go with they hebd, all right;
But he all won't act like a blanketed fool
If tuhned out to grass in they pastuah at night.

Foh they ways of they wohld ah they ways of they West,
And they ways of they West ah they wohst of all;
And a young mule can nevah be seen at his best
Till he all kicks himself through they side of his stall.

"That sounds something like Joaquin Miller, Colonel," said the reporter.

"Who's Wawk in Millah, sah!" he asked. "Is he all any kin to they Millahs, of Millahsville, in Kaintucky?"

"No; he is the 'Poet of the Sierras'—the man who wears his hair long, and pins back his Prince Albert coat to make it look like a swallow tail."

"I done saw him they othah day, sah," said the Colonel. "He all was opening oystahs in a Madison-street oystah house, sah. I done expected to see he alls hain catch flah every minute it was so greasy.

"Heah's another, sah, and as soon as you all get done winking at they scrub girl I'll give it to you all."

"You are mistaken, Colonel. I was not winking at the girl, nor even looking at her. I have

A CINDER IN MY EYE.

But give us this other section of your prolific muse."

"It goes like this, sah," said the Colonel:

When they jolly body-snatchah was a digging up a stiff,
He all stopped to rest himself, and give his pipe a whiff;
But a pleasant little Sheriff filled his body full of lead,
And instead of snatching bodies this heah man was snatched instead.

"I like that less than any of the others," said the reporter. "Can't you give us some on a more pleasant theme?"

"What do you all mean, sah?" asked the Colonel. "Haven't I done told you that I nevah wrote a line of poetry in my life, sah. These poems are written by you all, every one of them, sah. You all look capable of any amount of such stuff as that, sah. I know you all wrote this one, sah:

Now set out you alls cabbages,
And let they roses blow;
And let they grass grow fresh and green,
It's 28 below.

Sell you alls trusty ulsterette,
And let they chickens crow;
Get you alls linen dustah out—
It's 28 below.

Take down they stoves; put out they flahs,
You all won't need them moh.
Procuah you alls gauze undahweah—
It's 28 below.

"Are you not a little off on that, Colonel?" asked the reporter. "People don't set out cabbages and sell their overcoats when the thermometer is 28° below, or anywhere near it. You must mean 28° above, though that would be too cold for comfort. What do you mean?"

"You all have got they thickest head I evah saw, sah," he replied. "Don't you all see that it's a joke, sah! Wouldn't you all

CONSIDAH IT A JOKE

to be cantahing around in gauze undahweah when they thermometah was 28° below, sah?"

"No," said the reporter; "and I doubt if you would consider it a joke. But at any rate you have given yourself away on the poetry. You did write it, or compose it at least, for you have acknowledged it. Now come out fair and square, and when I print them—"

"Foh they sweet love of Maud!" exclaimed the Colonel. "You all won't print those pieces and say I wrote them! I done wanted to be a anonymous cuss like they authah of they 'Bread Winnahs.'"

"Never mind," said the reporter, "I'll give you a good show. Grind me out another one. Give us something æsthetic."

They lovah called at they ghaden gate,
(Livah and tripe and onion hash)
He all was a half a houah too late—
Anothah engagement gone to smash.

They couple was eating oystah stew
(Livah and tripe and onion hash),
With a sudden shuddah they young man knew
That he hadn't a condemned cent of cash.

A young couple sat in they twilight gloom
(Livah and tripe and onion hash),
And they house was still as they silent tomb,
When they chain gave way with a terrible crash.

"How do you all like that, sah?" asked the Colonel, his face beaming with satisfaction. "That's as good a pome

AS OSCAH WILDE COULD WRITE,

sah. By the way, sah, I done set at they table one day with Oscah when he all was heah. He all took big chances that day, sah."

"How was that, Colonel?"

"Why, he all got his foot up in his chaih, and was setting on it, sah, while he was waiting foh his fish. He all looked across at me, sah, and says he: 'Pass me they buttah, Man.' Deed he all did, sah; he all addressed Col. Gutrippah as 'Man.'"

"What did you say, Colonel?"

"I says: 'Why spill my Southern blood! if you all didn't look so much like a woman I'd cut you alls heaht out, right heah, sah!'"

"What did Oscar say?"

"He all says, 'Waitah, remove my plate to anothah table;' and he went, sah."

"A fortunate thing for him, undoubtedly."

"Yes, sah. But I done saw a niggah boy they otheh day that looked just like Oscah, except his shoht clothes. They little boys in they street was calling him a 'dude.' Foh they sweet love of Maud!

PIMPLE MY NOSE

if he all didn't weah yellow kid gloves! Heah's a vehse I made up on they occasion, sah:

"To see a niggah in a coach
Gives me they nehvous shivahs,
I want to gallop up they road,
And yell for bleeding livahs."

Just then the police patrol wagon came along the street with a rush, and the Colonel hurried to the door to gaze after it, while the reporter came away.

A Lakeside Musing.

[*Chicago Tribune.*]

"I desire to see the dramatic critic."

It was a nicely-dressed young lady who made this remark as she gazed in a somewhat furtive manner into the editorial rooms, having apparently made an unsuccessful effort to instinctively identify the person of whom she was in search.

"The dramatic editor," said the horse reporter, "is not in just now."

"I thought so," replied the young lady. "It seemed to me that I should know him by sight. He writes so tenderly."

"Writes how?"

"So tenderly. There is always an indefinable something in the *Tribune's* dramatic criticisms that makes one feel refined and purified after reading them. There is a grace of diction, a subtlety of thought, connected with every sentence that reveals the appreciation of an artistic mind for true art. All that is beautiful and pure and good in the realm of the drama is set forth in vivid colors whose graceful blending and perfect unity of purpose combine to make a picture that even time itself can never altogether erase from the tablets of memory. I shall never forget his sweet critique on 'Young Mrs. Winthrop.'"

"Neither shall I," responded the horse reporter. "I am inclined to think that far in the misty future there will linger in the vaulted corridors of my large Western soul some exceedingly fresh memories of that critique. I saw the play."

"Did you, indeed!" asked the young lady. "Wasn't it charming?"

"Hardly," was the reply. "On the contrary, it struck me as being rather too milky for good mush, and not quite stiff enough for corn-starch pudding. There was a lack of vigorous action, a total absence of that I-will-steal-second-base-even-if-I-do-spoil-my-pants energy that one looks for in a drama."

"But the motive," interrupted the young lady, "is so pure and the moral which the play teaches is such a good one."

"O, the motive is all right," assented the horse reporter; "but the plot looks to me as if it had been written by some estimable gentleman who had been suddenly called away from a meeting of the Married Men's Dorcas Society and ordered to chop out a drama in 24 hours under the penalty of immediate execution in case of failure. A young couple are married and have a child. That is all right. Children are a joy forever as long as you can keep away from them. The young man has a large fortune, which is far more probable in a drama than in real life, because he wears how-shall-I-get-out-of-them pants and a kiss-me-quick-but-don't-tell-papa hat, and I have noticed that young men of that kind are not generally wealthy. Well, after six years of married life Constance and Rupert begin to spar a little—'drifting apart' the dramatist calls it. Instead of staying at home nights and holding Constance on his right knee while he warbles rich, warm lies into her left ear about his love for her, Rupert goes into the club, and comes home late after being baffled in his scheme of trying to make three aces beat a flush. Constance keeps up her end of the procession by going to balls and parties. Neither of them thinks of the infant. They are drifting so far apart that it will soon be quite a feat in navigation for one to see the other, when that dread monster, the croup, comes along and nips little Rosie, the child. This occurs one evening while both parents are hurraining around town. When they come home the doctor—who has a painfully artificial beard, and who talks as if he had been suddenly summoned from the table while eating hot mush and neglected to swallow it—tells them that hope has fled. The child dies, and this reveals to the parents the fact that they have for themselves an opulence of affection for each other that is quite bewildering in view of their previous mutual refrigeration. There is the usual brisk interchange of 'My darling,' and the curtain falls.

"Now, I can't see where the wonderful moral lesson of this play comes in, unless the idea sought to be conveyed is that every young married couple should have a croupy infant on tap to relight by its sudden and unexpected demise the flickering torch of hymeneal love. There was a blind girl in the play, too, who evaded chairs and walked around the room with the facility always displayed by stage blind girls; but she appeared to have been constructed for the express purpose of providing a young man who parted his hair in the middle with something to spoon over, so I don't suppose there was any great moral lesson in that."

"Then you don't think 'Young Mrs. Winthrop' is a great play?" asked the young lady in a regretful tone.

"No. It may do for the effete East, where the young men wear high collars and smoke cigarettes, but in the vigorous life of the Golden West it is out of place."

"Will the dramatic critic be in soon? I should really like to see him."

"Not very soon. He is at the matinee, sizing up Hank."

"Doing what?"

"Sizing up Hank—Henry Irving—and then he is going to a ward meeting."

"And does the dramatic critic really have to do ordinary work?"

"O, yes. He is occasionally yanked off the empyrean heights, just to let him know there is such a thing as real life."

"Good day," said the young lady. "You're very kind, I'm sure."

"Don't mention it. Come in again some day when you think we are likely to be out."

A Baby Somnambulist.

[*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*]

A most thrilling midnight adventure took place last night on the night Rock Island passenger train just before reaching Joliet, in which a little four-year-old girl in a state of somnambulism was the central figure. Mrs. Wesley Simmons, of Fairbury, Neb., accompanied by her two little daughters, Mabel and Grace, the former six and the latter four years old, were on the train en route to Joliet. They had retired to their berth in the sleeping-car on leaving home, and were soon asleep. Shortly after midnight the mother awoke and was horror-stricken to find that little Grace was missing. With wild fears of possible calamity, the frightened mother alarmed the rest of the passengers, who kindly aided in searching the car, but the most faithful search failed to discover the missing girl. She was not in the car. Just as hope sank in the heart of the grief-stricken mother the conductor entered the car. The train was within a few miles of the end of their journey. Little Gracie was clinging to one of his arms and crying pitifully. The mother clasped the child to her bosom and then fainted with joy.

In her sleep little Gracie had got up and gone out of the car-door, crossed into the next and on into the third car, when the conductor met her. He asked her where she was going. Receiving no reply, the fact dawned upon him that she was asleep. He caught her by the arm and woke her up, when she gazed about in astonishment, inquired for her mother and began to cry. How the little sleeper crossed over the slippery platform without falling between the cars is a mystery.

Only One Arm.

[*Philadelphia Call.*]

"I've got some good news," said a hand, some Philadelphia girl to her companion who was visiting her from out of town.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Why, George and his friend, Mr. Smith, from New York—that delightful gentleman we met last evening, you know—have invited us to take a sleigh-ride to-night."

"Am I to ride with Mr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"But he has only one arm."

"That doesn't make any difference. George says he is accustomed to horses and can drive with one arm just as well as he can with two."

"It makes a great deal of difference," said the young lady from out of town. "One can not find any pleasure sleigh-riding with a one-armed gentleman unless"—and here her face lighted up hopefully—"she drives herself."

MARRYING FOREIGN TITLES.

A Lucy Hooper Tells What She Knows About American Ladies Who Have Formed Unhappy Alliances.

[*Washington Post.*]

Some time ago it occurred to me to make a list of the American ladies who at different periods have married foreign noblemen, and with the aid of a friend who has long resided in Paris I have succeeded in drawing up one of formidable length, though of course by no means exhaustive or complete. As no Parisian opera-house is said now to be complete without its American singer, so shortly will no aristocratic family in Europe be thought entirely alive to what is due to its station without an American alliance.

Time was when the marriage of one of our belles to a titled foreigner created an immense social sensation in the bride's native land. It was so when the Misses Caton, of Baltimore, espoused respectively the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis of Wellesley and Lord Stafford; when Miss Bingham, of Philadelphia, married Lord Ashburton, and when Miss Caroline McKnight, of Bordentown, wedded the Count de Bouxhoevden, the head of an ancient Russian family. But times are changed now and such marriages have grown so frequent (more's the pity) as scarcely to elicit a comment. Nay, in our times we have seen a Bourbon sue vainly for the fair hand of a Lowell girl, a maiden millionaire, and the daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackey could long ere this have been allied to royalty had the fancy taken her.

Of course Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte, leads the list in brilliancy of alliance as well as priority of date. No other American woman has ever espoused the brother of an Emperor, himself a future King. Miss Bates (Hensler, of Boston, comes in a "good second" as the wife of the ex-King of Portugal. Then comes Miss Lee, of New York, the wife of the Prince de Noer, uncle to Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, and consequently aunt by marriage to the Princess Helena of England. Two of the Murats, Lucien and Achille, married American ladies, the first having espoused Miss Fraser, a Southern lady, and the latter a Miss Willis, of Virginia. Long years ago Miss Williams, of Georgetown, D. C., married the Russian Count Bodisco. Also to a remote period belong the marriages of Miss McKean to the Marquis d' Yrujo, Miss Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, to the Lord Erskine, and Miss Mary Jones, of New York, to the Count de Trobriand. Of more recent unions may be cited those of the Misses Yznaga, of New York, the one to Lord Mandeville, eldest son of the Duke of Manchester, and the other to Sir John Lister Kaye. Miss Minnie King, of Georgia, became the Marchioness of Anglesey. Miss Jerome, of New York, is Lady Randolph Churchill. Miss Motley, of Boston, married Sir William Harcourt. The daughter of Senator Sharon is Lady Thomas Fermor Hesketh. Of the two daughters of Mr. Joseph Fisher of New York, the elder became the Countess d'Aramon and the younger Countess Gherardesci, the husband of the latter being a descendant of Dante's "Ugolino." Miss Parsons, of Ohio, is Princess de Lynar. Miss Haight, of New York, married the Duke della Torre. Mr. Ben Holladay's two daughters, now both dead, were, the one Baroness de Bussiere and the other Countess de Pourtales. Miss Meta McCall, of Philadelphia, married Count Diesbach, of Switzerland. Miss Chisholm, of South Carolina, is the Countess Leonetti. The two daughters of Mr. Phalen, of New York, espoused in Paris—one the Marquis de Gabriac and the other the Count de Narbonne. Miss Ridgway, of Philadelphia, is the Marquise de Ganey. Miss von Hoffman, of New York, became the Marquise de Mores by her marriage with the only son of the Duke de Valombrosa. In Italy, the Princess Brancaccio was Miss Field, of New York; the Princess Vicovaro, of the Cenci family, was Miss Lorillard Spencer; and the Princess Ruspoli, Miss Broadwood, of New Orleans. Miss Davis, of New York, married the Duke di Sart. Miss Roberts, of Philadelphia, is now the Countess Galli. The Countess Giannetti was Miss Kluney, the Countess Barbolini Amadei, Miss Lowis, of Connecticut, and the Marchesa Teodoli was a Miss Conrad. Miss Pennuman, of New York, married the Baron de Brimont. In France we find, also, the Duchess de Praslin (Miss Forsay), the Marquise de Talleyrand Perigord (Miss Curtis), and the Countess de Chastigny (Miss Stevens)—all three ladies being from New York. The Baroness de Charette was a Miss Polk, of Tennessee. Miss Blake, of Boston, married the Viscount de Soetlogen. Miss Mutenberger, of New Orleans, is the Viscountess de Roys. Miss Blunt, of Mobile, is the Baroness de Riviere. The two Misses Slidell became, the one Countess de St. Romans, and the other Baroness Erlanger. The two Misses Thorn, of New York are the Baroness de Pierre and the Countess de Ferusac. Miss Ledoux, of New Orleans, married recently the Marquis de Valori. Miss Mudge, of New Orleans, (afterwards Mrs. Wilmerding), is now the Countess de Maffray, and Miss French, of Albany, N. Y., the Countess Susannett. In Belgium, Baron Vilain Quartorze married Miss Gordon, of Ohio, and Miss Detmold, of New York, became the Baroness d'Aerschout. Miss Hungerford, sister of Mrs. John W. Mackey, married Count Telfener, of Italy. Miss Gilmider, of New York, became the Marchesa di San Marzano. Miss Moulton, of New York, was the Countess von Hatzfeldt. Miss Crist, of the same city, married the Baron von Oriolis. Miss Astor (daughter of W. J. Astor) became the Baroness Rumpff. The Countess Kleskowski, well known in Parisian society, was formerly Miss Tudor, of Boston. Miss Lawrence, of Newport, R. I., espoused the Baron von Klenck. Miss Magruder, daughter of Gen. Magruder, of the Confederate army, married Lord Abinger; Miss Gratiot, of Kentucky, the Count de Montholon, and Miss Macartney, of New York, the Count de Dion. The Swedish Baron von Rosen carried off from Philadelphia the eldest daughter of the late Bloomfield Moore. Among the later titled marriages made by American girls are those of two California ladies—Miss Hamilton to Sir Sydney Waterton and Miss Murphy (daughter of the Marquis Murphy, of San Francisco,) to Sir Charles Wolseley.

The list, long as it is, is necessarily a very imperfect one. Nor have I incinded therein the names of the ladies who had made brilliant alliances with noble or prominent European families but without obtaining titles. Prominent among these are Mme. Waddington, the wife of the present French Embassador to England, who was a Miss King, of New York; the Hon. Mrs. Roche, sister-in-law to Lord Fermoy, who was the lovely Miss Work, also of New York, and Mme. Clemenceau, the wife of the French statesman, who was a Connecticut lady.

"All is not gold that glitters," might have formed the heading of my letter to-day. As I glance over the lines that I have just written, there arises before me more than one history of coujugal unhappiness. Several of the ladies inscribed upon my list have been separated from their noble husbands. One was divorced by her titled spouse because he desired to contract a more brilliant alliance. Another was deserted by her husband soon after her honeymoon, and he now spends his life in open and flagrant infidelities. One unhappy lady was locked up in a lunatic asylum by her titled husband, and was only released through the intervention of the American Consul in the city where she resided. Another died after a few years of married life, leaving only one child, a little girl. Her noble husband took unto himself as a second wife a notorious member of the Parisian demi-monde, and intrusted to that personage the care and education of his young daughter. In another instance the titled spouse carried off his wife's diamonds while the unfortunate lady lay dying. "Are you any relation to that charming Countess that I met in Italy the other day?" once asked a Parisian lady of the veritable Countess—the American wife of a titled scapegrace. "No relation at all," was the calm reply, the Countess whom the lady had met in Italy having been a country woman of the poor wife's own, who, having usurped her place, had also borrowed her name. One titled gentleman of whom I have heard, being vexed by his wife's piety, used to thrash her for going overmuch to church, although they were of the same faith.

These alliances are almost invariably distinguised by a mad and undisguised greed for money on the bridegroom's part. A projected marriage of this nature recently came to naught, within my own knowledge in the following fashion: The lady, who is an orphan, possessed an independent fortune. She fell in love with a needy nobleman, and prepared to pay the price demanded for his hand, which was the settling of his Lordship's debts—no inconsiderable amount, by the way. The wedding day was fixed, the trousseau was completed, the bridesmaids and witnesses were engaged, when suddenly the gentleman made a fresh demand. This was that what remained of the lady's fortune after his debts were paid should be divided into two equal parts, one of which should be settled absolutely on himself. This was a little too much for his betrothed to endure, and the match was broken off then and there.

As a rule, despite some flagrant exceptions to them, the Italian marriages turn out the best of all the Continental alliances formed by American girls. Recently statistics go to prove that German noblemen are not particularly suited to marry Americans. German men of all classes have by far too low an idea of the station and functions of a woman to get along well with our high-spirited, independent, petted girls. They look upon their wives too much as upper servants. French husbands are about the worst of the whole lot. As to Englishmen, they resemble Americans sufficiently in their home and social training to enable them to get along in most instances very satisfactorily with their American wives. But the men of no European nation with which I have ever become acquainted can compare as husbands with the native-born Americans.

Wax and Paper Noses.

[*New York Tribune.*]

"Noses," said the elderly man with a pale and beautiful proboscis to a *Tribune* reporter, are the living proofs of that ancient aphorism, 'Men are known by the companions they keep.' My nose, for instance," and here the aged expounder of the principles of noses tweaked his own off and laid it carefully in the reporter's hand, "my nose is a remarkable exception to the rule, however, for you will, by a conscientious examination of it, observe that it is no nose at all—it is simply a piece of wax."

Then the venerable man drew his chair within a confidential distance of that which the reporter occupied and whispered: "I once got into a dispute with a man about the prospects of the Democratic party. I said that prospects were the only things it had. My remark so irritated my friend that he said that he would pull my nose—and he did, but such was his horror at the result, finding my nose between his thumb and forefinger without being backed by my face, that he became a raving maniac and is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum, where he avows that his party is an organization without noses, inasmuch as it can't smell defeat."

A movement that was made dexterous by long practice replaced the nose; a handkerchief was used with sufficient boisterousness to startle a parrot into exclaiming, "Say, Gabriel, cork your horn," and the man who knew noses continued.

"There are more noses than you may be aware of," he tritely said. "I mean, of course, false noses. Without a nose even the child of impulse becomes a philosopher, for catarrh is beyond the range of possibilities, and a bottle-nose becomes an unknown quantity. Men lose their noses, some by disease, many in fights, and not a few men who do not wear their original ones left them on the battle-fields of the South, where they lost them because they desired to smell powder. For women, the most appropriate false noses are made of wax, and the contour which may best corre

A MUSICIAN'S STORY.

EPISODE I.

OBER-AMMERGAU.

On Sunday morning, August 20, 1871, at 7:30, we set out to walk to the wooden theater erected outside the village of Ober-Ammergau to see the Passionsspiel. The constant stream of vehicles had made it impossible to sleep after 3 o'clock that morning; and, indeed, the influx of visitors had continued unceasingly all the preceding day. It seemed wonderful that they could all have found lodgment in the little chalet cottages, seemingly so inadequate to their numbers. I was studying music, with five other young students, under the Herr Wenzel at Munich. Myself and one other were English, therefore the Herr paid us the compliment of taking us under his wing on the present occasion; and, having relatives living at Ettal, easily bespoke beds for us, and secured seats in the Erster Logen Platz, under cover to see the play. The theater was crowded with a vast audience of 6,000 persons, of all nations, of all creeds and all stations in life. The country folk sat down below us. Some had been all night walking many, many miles, even then looking faint with fatigue. What would they be after witnessing a performance of eight hours! The Prince and Princess were not far from us; behind us a large party of the De Rothschilds; on one side Monseigneur Capel, on the other an English bishop, a Roman Catholic Duke and Marquess, also English. In our immediate front were two very distinguished Germans, with their "suite" on either side, who behaved most obsequiously to them, giving us the impression that the gentlemen were of high rank. They were young men of about my and my fellow student's ages, namely, eighteen and twenty; tall and handsome, especially the elder, who, besides a most elegant figure, possessed straight refined features and a more intellectual brow than his brother, who, though sufficiently resembling him to denote their relationship, was broader in the shoulders, and with features of a darker, bolder cast, and more restless behaviour, for he stood up, *lorgnettes en main*, surveying the audience on all sides, as if in the stalls at the opera—behavior particularly scandalizing to many persons near us, who had come in a reverent and devout spirit. The young noble had evidently the intention to amuse himself by criticism—perhaps to ridicule what he considered a drama. Eight o'clock struck, three guns were fired, and the first notes of the orchestra were heard, causing a sudden silence of the hum in that enormous audience. Whilst the symphony, conducted by the village schoolmaster, was being played, the elder of the young gentlemen before us put his hand on his brother's arm, and I heard him say, "Sit down; why dost thou behave thus irreverently, my brother? At whom gazest thou?" "At an angel; look for thyself, Fritz." He turned his head and eyes significantly to the right, and his brother's and mine simultaneously followed in the direction thus indicated. Yes, he was right. A young girl, a very young girl—perhaps scarcely sixteen years of age—was seated near us, the most incomparably lovely creature I ever saw in my life, before or since. A divine light illuminated her pure face, and the blue eyes, that expressed devout feeling and solemn expectation of the holy scenes about to be represented, gazed straight at the proscenium, the proscenium being open to the sky; the other behind it was covered in; under this covered part some of the scenes and all the tableaux took place. The everlasting mountains, with their atmospheric effects and real light and shade, impressed me with a sublime feeling I can not describe—something that exalted me out of myself, the one glimpse assuring me there is a spiritual life which we shall enjoy in another and beatified state—the one glimpse vouchsafed me of a look behind the vail.

Directly the last notes of the orchestra had died away, the chorus, in their supposed character of guardian spirits, came forward, their leader explaining the meaning of the first tableau, and its bearing on the coming scenes of the Passionsspiel. After the plan of the Greek plays, the chorus then divided and retired a little to the right and left, and the curtain rose disclosing a tableau representing Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise. The chorus sang a strophe while the tableau lasted, and the curtain fell—only to rise again in a few minutes with a second living picture. During this time, I could not keep my eyes from watching the emotions of the lovely young girl seated near us. She grasped the arm of an aged priest, who was her escort, probably a relative. What a sweet expression on her earnest face, though tears rolled slowly from under her eyelids! She did not lose a word uttered by those on the stage, quite identifying herself with the characters. "This young girl must be full of feeling," thought I, "for how quickly her soul receives impressions of grief and happiness—of good and evil! When love animates her heart, she will love indeed!" I was not the only one who studied her; both the young gentlemen before us looked at her far more than at the stage. More than once they exchanged remarks in whispers, which fortunately I failed to catch, in consequence of two persons seated behind me—persons, I am sorry to say, who were my own countrypeople, of whom I felt heartily ashamed, for they would make comments in a loud *sotto voce* I could not avoid hearing.

"I've never seen such a set of guys in my life," said a male voice; "call them angels, indeed!"

"I call it downright profane," whispered his female companion. "I'm very sorry I've come, Henry."

"Hush!" said somebody near at hand, which silenced them for the time.

The priest accompanying the charming young girl was very aged; his long white hair fell over his shoulders, his thin face was wrinkled as I never saw a face, yet he was in full possession of his intelligence, his mind concentrated on the scenes represented; every now and then he crossed himself, and his lips moved as if in prayer. His young companion was motionless, and as the interest of the tableaux progressed, she clasped her hands, actually trembling with emotion; it was the fourth scene—the Garden of Gethsemane—the scene was darkened, when I observed her suddenly fall backward; the vivid representation of what, had I been asked, I should have declared too sacred for enacting, had been too much for her—she had fainted. I sprang up; but both the young noblemen seated before me did the same. The elder one, who was the nearest to her, lifted the slight young figure in his strong arms as easily as if she were a child, and, carrying her in such a manner as not to incommode the spectators, bore her to the fresh air. The old priest stood up helpless and frightened. I went to him, whispering that when the present tableau was finished I would conduct him to the young lady—who no doubt was in good hands. Fortunately, when the curtain fell, it 12 o'clock, and there would be an hour's interval given, for the repose and refreshment of both the actors and the audience. Amid the confusion of the exit, I led the venerable priest through the crowd, and soon discovered the young girl, who he said was his grandniece, sitting on a bench under the shadow of the trees. She had recovered, but still seemed agitated. Both the young men were with her; one held wine in a glass, entreating her to taste it, the younger was fanning her with a large leaf he had plucked, for it was midday, and the heat very great. On seeing her grandnucle, she fled to him, threw her arms around the good man's neck, bursting into a flood of hysterical tears.

So I left them, but saw that every attention was being rendered by the young gentleman and their suite, and that they were being conducted slowly and carefully to the village.

As it is my object to relate this episode, trifling as it may appear, and not to describe the Passionsspiel, which has been so frequently and so ably done, I will merely conclude by observing that for those who went to see the performance in a devout frame of mind, its influence must have been good—for those who only mocked or criticised, doubtless they left in the same worldly frame of mind with which they came. For myself, I can only say that it made an impression upon me I have never forgotten.

EPISODE II.

LONDON.

In the year 1878, I played the violin in the orchestra of the "Bizarrerie" Theater, London. I was five-and-twenty years of age, and at that time lodged with my mother in Thayer street, Manchester square. We had seen better days, but my father, who had been a bank clerk, was dead. I had a love for music, and he had managed for me to study it in Germany, intending me for a fine musician. Alas! all that prospect terminated with his sudden death; I was unexpectedly thrown on my own resources, and had a hard struggle to keep my head above water. My mother worked at fan-painting for a shop in Regent street, and gave lessons in flower-painting as well. I took to fiddling, and taught music when I could obtain pupils. So we were obliged to live in a tidy street and locality, or people would not have come to us; and the rents are so high in London. All this has nothing at all to do with the episode I am about to relate, and I only mention the fact to account for residing so far from my engagement at the "Bizarrerie," which was in Holborn; it being hard work going backwards and forwards, sometimes twice a day when there were rehearsals.

One dark winter's night I had been detained after the performance was over by our musical director, who wished me to be deputy of a friend of his at a concert the next day, and there was a good deal to arrange, being an unexpected emergency. So it was past 1 o'clock when I turned my face homeward. The places of amusement were closed, and the streets pretty well empty. Now, I had walked rather out of my way with our director, who lived in Soho; and instead of going down Oxford street, and so on across Cavendish square, had diverged to the left, and thus had to retrace my steps to Oxford street, and therefore turned down Great Marlborough street. It was a dark, gusty night; it had been blowing a northeast wind for many days, and was most wretchedly cold. Every few minutes the wind came in blasts, almost blowing out the street lamps, and I had much ado to keep my hat on my head. I turned into Marlborough street on the left-hand side of the way; it appeared quite deserted, not even a cat to be seen, when I heard light, rapid footsteps approaching me from the opposite direction along the pavement, and suddenly an indistinct form, that of a female, emerged from the darkness, running—nay, flying—toward me. I caught a glimpse of her white face, as she passed a street lamp, but I suppose the light from it shone strongly on me, for instead of pursuing her course she stopped short, caught my arm as she was almost reeling, and in a panting voice, said:

"Save me!"

I was so utterly taken by surprise that for the moment I could not reply.

"Oh, save me!" she implored again, placing both her hands on my arm.

"From whom?—from what?" I said.

"Hide me, hide me, save me from him, he is coming—hark!"

Sure enough I heard far down the street a man's footsteps in the distance. The poor creature seemed desperate. I am a man. What could I do, thus appealed to!—the best feelings of my nature were aroused. Impelled by I know not what impulse, I grasped a thin fragile wrist. "Run!" I said. I guided her from off the pavement into the road, where our footsteps could not be heard, back again round the corner I had just turned, into Poland street, up which I hurried her—but no place of refuge offered. The footsteps were still following us in our rear. I paused; my companion by her spasmodic breathing appeared exhausted.

On the other side of the way was a dark turning—a mews, I think. We flew over to it. I hoped to find some doorway in its gloom that would hide us. There were only stable doors, all closed, an empty cart, a costermonger's truck, and behind—yes—a four-wheeled cab, resting on the shafts. Without hesitating a moment, I turned the handle of the door, opened it, and assisted my companion into it, sprang in beside her, softly reclosed the door, sitting far back in the corners. So noiseless was my poor fugitive, that I think for a few moments she must have been insensible with terror and exhaustion. All this I did from impulse; *why* I did it, I can not tell. In the meantime the steps came on and on—paused—for other, heavier ones, the tread of another person, approached, also stopping just at the opening that led to our refuge.

I strained my ears to listen.

"At fault," said a deep-toned voice; "did she not come this way?"

"It appears not so," replied the other pursuer in a foreign accent; "the streets deserted are, she ran so fleet, so fleet—I lost her in the Dunkelheit."

"Then she must have run up the steps into the Oxford street; there was no other way, and if"—here a sudden gust of wind interposed; I lost what followed. Then they hurriedly retraced their steps down Poland street.

There was a total silence. My companion at last gave a long-drawn sigh. St. Anne's church, Soho, chimed the half-hour of 2.

"All seems quiet," I said in a whisper. "I think we may venture to leave our refuge now. Tell me where I can take you!—where is your home?"

"I have none."

"Tell me, then, where do you come from, and whom were you flying from to-night?"

She shuddered.

"I was flying from one who was hunting me down. I was flying from one who is the mortal enemy of my child. Oh, my child! I must return to my child, who is starving!"

I noticed then for the first time a peculiar accent, which pointed to foreign origin.

"You should apply to a Magistrate for protection. Tell me how you are situated—perhaps I may be able to assist, or, at least, advise you."

"I am a widow; that man from whom I fly is my husband's brother—he seeks to gain possession of my boy. I have hitherto eluded him—in Vienna, in Paris. He has followed us to London at last. I am reduced to beggary; my boy is starving. I left him to-night to go and sell my wedding-ring, in order to buy him food. It was nearly 11 o'clock—in Regent street—I met him face to face, and he recognized me; he must have been, I think, lying in wait for me. Yet I thought I was so securely hidden in a place where rats only live. I ran to escape him, up one street, down another, fearing to return to my refuge and my boy, in case he should track me. I saw *you*; goodness shone in your eyes; I implored you to save me. You have done so—for the time. Generous young man, I must return to my child; come and see him, if you will!"

We descended noiselessly from the cab, again venturing into Poland street. All was silent and deserted as a cemetery at night-time, yet this was the heart of a very busy neighborhood, where the houses are let off to artisans of almost every trade—thickly peopled as a rabbit warren. All was quiet, no policemen were in sight. My companion took the lead, walking rapidly, a little in advance of me. We returned over our former route, down Great Marlborough street, keeping well in the shade. As far as I could judge, my poor refugee was young, upright as an arrow, very thin and fragile, clothed in scant black garments. Once she turned to look behind her, and even in the obscurity I noticed that her eyes appeared luminous and unnaturally large, although I could not distinguish their color or shape. We proceeded cautiously down Marlborough street. At the corner of Marlborough Place there stand two houses, adjoining one another, forming the angle of the two streets, dilapidated, almost ruinous. Ever since I can remember they have been the same; I suppose they are in Chancery, but they are called in that neighborhood the "haunted houses." The glass panes have disappeared from the windows, their frames are black with age; through the festoons of cobwebs you can see what have been mahogany shutters, with ornamental beadings of tarnished gold. The areas are full of rubbish—the accumulations of years; stones thrown by boys, who have now become grown men, still lie where they fell; refuse, paper, dead cats and empty bottles. The hall doors, devoid of paint—blistered off by the sun of many, many summers, cracked and splintered, but nailed up with planks. These miserable, mysterious houses are the *memento mori* of a bright, prosperous locality, within sight of worldly Regent street, like the skeleton at an Egyptian feast.

To my great surprise my companion stopped before the door of one of these ruined mansions. She looked right and left, mounted the large stone door-step, and by dint of pushing the door, which had fallen from its hinges, succeeded in partially opening it wide enough to squeeze through—I followed. I confess my heart for the first time failed me, when the idea suddenly flashed upon me of the possibility that I was decoyed into a *guetapens*—a trap—perhaps to be robbed and murdered. I had not much to lose—very little money, only a silver watch and my beloved violin, which I carried in its case. Then I thought of my mother, who must be uneasy at my unusual absence, and, as I said, my heart sank. My companion closed the door behind her with the same effort and care; then she took my hand in her little, slight, nervous one, leading me across what was apparently a large entrance hall, smelling damp and moldy with pent-up, heavy air, down a passage, dimly visible by means of a tall dull window, toward the back of the house, the boards loose, and loudly creaking under our feet; she, groping, turned a corner and opened a door, entering a small room, lighted by a remnant of candle stuck on the white marble mantelshelf. By its feeble light I saw a heap of old garments in one corner, upon which a child lay extended, a child with a wan, white face. The ashes of a wood fire were in the grate, but no furniture of any description in the apartment; there was a broken pitcher containing water beside the miserable couch. There was only one small window, with its shutters closed; it had probably been a private study on the ground floor of the house, and selected by this poor hunted creature as a hiding place. She threw herself on her knees beside the child, covering his face with kisses.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" she cried piteously.

"You have left me so long, mother," said a faint little voice; "where have you been?"

"To find a friend, my loved one—this gentleman—see!"

She turned her face upward to me. Oh, what a lovely face! What a wild, wan face—so pale, so starved—the great luminous blue eyes shining as if with an inward light of their own. Stay! Had I ever seen those eyes before? No. It was unlikely. I advanced to the child's side, and leaned over him. He appeared to be about 6 or 7 years old, strongly resembling his mother, and, like her, starving to death.

"It is very kind of the gentleman, mother. Will he take us home? I dreamt I was there to-night, in our garden, full of beautiful flowers. I heard the birds singing, oh, so sweetly, and saw our lovely river; its murmur kept saying: 'Come home; come home.'"

"He is dying of starvation," I whispered. "Listen: I live not very far from here; I will go and obtain some nourishment for him and return with it very quickly; in the morning my mother shall come to you."

All at once she seized my arm, her eyes dilated with horror.

"Heavens! They have tracked us! Listen!"

Ah! it was indeed the hall door grating as it opened; footsteps quietly stealing over the loosened flooring. I softly closed the room door, setting my back against it—fastening, alas! it had none. Oh, the horrible suspense! I hoped it would prove to be a policeman, who, surprised to find the door partially ajar, might have entered the ruined house; but those hopes were quickly dispelled when a deep voice muttered: "I saw her come in, I swear, and not alone—there was the shadow of a man with her."

"She can not be up stairs, for none there are—all broken and fallen down—see. She can not be far off; ah, here is a room."

They entered the apartment adjoining. We did not dare to move. Was there still a chance of escaping? Alas! no.

"Here is yet another door," exclaimed one of them; and the next instant he tried to open ours—tried some time in vain. With all my strength, aided by the unfortunate mother, who was like a lioness at bay, we endeavored to keep the door fast—but vainly, these two powerful men hurled themselves against it in a combined effort; the next moment they were in the room.

"So we have you safe at last, madame!" cried one, seizing her by the shoulders. "And you shall not escape me this time. A *Luftsprung* you have given us; throw the bull's-eye light, Heinrich!"

"And your accomplice, too," exclaimed the other, as he sprung on me, and seized me by the collar. I struggled with him, but my strength was partly exhausted; he seemed made of iron. I was no match for him.

"Turn the lantern light on his face. Who is he!" said he with the more foreign accent, and the dazzling glare suddenly blinded me.

"A stranger!" said the tall man, who still held his wretched victim fast; "a little contemptible shop-boy apparently. Why *der Teufel* have you in this affair interfered!"

"To protect this unfortunate—" I was not permitted to proceed further—a gag was placed on my mouth, my arms were pinioned with a rope.

"So much for thee—thou *Rankemacher*!"

A shrill scream came from the little boy, whom they now raised from his miserable bed on the floor.

"Mother!" Then came a desperate struggle and a dull "thud" on the ground.

The unfortunate woman vainly tried to escape them.

"Take her to the carriage—Karl has it at the corner by this time," said the deep voice.

They muffled her in a black mantle, and hurried her away. I began to regain my senses; though gagged and pinioned, I still had the use of my feet, and followed as well as I could. One of these men forced the unhappy woman to the door; the other bore the inanimate—I think dead—child over his shoulder. I staggered on close behind, fearing to lose the glimmer of the dark lantern. Upon reaching the street door he turned and saw me. With his disengaged hand he hurled me outside on to the pavement.

"Take that, thou meddling fool—curse you!" he cried, striking me a heavy blow with some weapon. I fell, and knew no more.

* * * * * *

When I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed in a ward of Middlesex Hospital. I had been picked up insensible, at 5 o'clock in the morning, by a policeman. I had a dreadful gash across my forehead; but was neither gagged nor pinioned, my assailants having doubtless unbound me before taking to flight. I told my story to the house surgeon, who evidently did not believe me—then to my mother, when she came, who *did* believe me, and went direct to the Magistrate at the Police Court. The policeman who had picked me up declared I was intoxicated, that I had fallen and cut my head against the curbstone, but a search in the uninhabited house bore out my statement; the door was found open, as it had not been for five-and-twenty years before—my violin was in a corner of the room, where I had put it down—the broken pitcher—the candle end burnt out on the mantel piece. Not a particle of the wretched bed remained—it had been removed; so that all the efforts of the police failed to trace the wretches and their victims.

EPISODE III.

PARIS.

"Last year I took a holiday to Paris, and one night I visited the new opera-house in company with a friend, a French composer. While I was standing with him near the stalls, a very fine-looking man in full evening dress, and wearing a star on his breast, as well as various orders on his coat, attended by two gentlemen, passed immediately in front of me on the way to their seats. The fine but rather fierce profile of this personage struck me as being not unknown, and it suddenly flashed upon me that he was one of the young gentlemen who had sat immediately in front of me at the Passionsspiel at Ober-Ammergau. Ten years had passed, but I remembered him perfectly. He was even more distinguished-looking than before. On going by me he turned and said in English, but with a strong foreign accent, to one of his followers:

"Bear you in remembrance this night three year ago? Shall we be better amused this time, think you, eh?"

"I trust we may, your Highness," replied a never-to-be-forgotten deep-toned voice, that thrilled through every nerve of my body, chilling the very marrow of my bones.

That night three years ago—that night of horrible memory! I recognized them directly.

"Who—who is that gentleman?" I asked of my friend the composer.

"The reigning Duke of Stolzenhoffski—a principality somewhere close to the Carpathian Mountains and Crakow—I am told. He is one of the gayest men in Paris this winter."

"How long has he been the reigning Duke?"

"Since the death of his little nephew three years ago. The boy died in England, where he was at school—of consumption, I believe. But what is the matter with you?—how pale you are!"

"I am all right, thank you—rather tired, perhaps. Tell me—had not the child a very beautiful mother?"

"Exquisitely lovely—so report says. Ah, I see you have heard something of the story. She was the great-niece of a French priest in Midi, whom Monseigneur's brother, the late Duke, met and fell in love with at the Passionsspiel of Ober-Ammergau and married. The world says this younger brother fell in love with her at the same time, and on the death of Prince Friederick wanted to marry the widow himself, only she would not have him. The poor thing went out of her mind when her little boy died, and is now in a maison de sante!—But there rises the curtain!"

No, reader, the curtain falls.—[*Belgravia.*

A Detective's Discovery.

[*Philadelphia Call.*]

"Yes," said the noted detective, "I have seen a great many queer things in my experience."

"Discovered a good many gigantic frauds, I suppose?" ventured an admirer.

"Well, I should say so," was the reply; "but, between you and I, the most complete piece of deception I ever saw was a woman, young, pretty, and I would have sworn she was an angel."

"But she wasn't?"

"I should say not. She has a temper like a whirlwind, and when she gets mad the very earth seems to shake."

"Good gracious! And how did you manage to get down to her true character?"

"Well, I—ahem—the fact is, I married her."

SWIMMING FOR LIFE.

A Terrible Struggle With the Waves and a Phenomenal Escape.

Details of a remarkable swimming feat, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have just come to hand from Auckland, New Zealand. The facts as stated in the local papers which are before us are verified, if any such verification were needed, by private letters to the relatives and friends in this country of the hero of the exploit, namely, a Capt. Haultain, son of Col. Haultain, who is 32 years of age and weighs, we are told, 14 stone, and commands a sailing vessel trading on the New Zealand coast. The night of September 9 was, it appears, an excessively stormy one, a strong gale blowing from the east-southeast, dark, rainy and unusually cold. About 2 A. M. his ship was making for the entrance of the Whangerel harbor. The Captain himself was upon the deck occupied with some alteration in the rigging, and while clearing away some ropes was caught by the peak "down all" and flung clear off the ship into the raging sea. Capt. Haultain had on at this time a heavy overcoat, high sea boots up to his thighs, two pairs of trousers, two shirts and two undershirts. Taking it for granted that a boat would be sent back to look for him as soon as possible he swam with these appalling incumbrances upon him, as near as he could tell, for about half an hour in the wake of the ship, coo-ee-ing, after the fashion of antipodeans by land and sea. No boat, however, appearing he felt that his only chance was to strike out for the shore. At this time he was no great distance from the Frenchman at the mouth of the harbor and succeeded in stripping himself of the load of clothes and of the long boots, an opperation which in itself must have been exhausting enough, necitating, as it did, frequent dives. To make the nearest land he soon found was hopeless, on account of the strong ebb tide that was running, and he had nothing for it but to head for the opposite shore of the harbor, three miles distant, which two or three lights made visible through the darkness. This extraordinary feat—extraordinary, that is, when the circumstances are considered—he succeeded in accomplishing, and he was picked up after being three hours and a half in the water clinging to the beach with his hands, half senseless, his legs having lost all power of action and the surf breaking over him. In the meantime his men on the schooner had lost no time in putting off a boat to the rescue of their Captain. After rowing for some time they gave up the search as fruitless, and, the boat being small, were themselves in no great security. The schooner, left short-handed, was driven ashore upon the same beach as its Captain some time before the latter, and the boat heading for the same point was capsized in the surf, the men struggling ashore as best they could, though without loss of life. They remained upon the beach about three hours, till daylight showed them where they were. Traveling then along the shore in the direction of the nearest house they heard cries as from a man struggling in the water, and eventually found their gallant Captain in the surf, as before described. The force of the sea that was running all through that night, say the local accounts, may be realized by the fact that the vessel was driven so high and dry upon the beach that at high tide it was possible to walk up to her dry stod.

The Auckland papers speak of it as the most wonderful performance that has ever been enacted upon the New Zealand coast, and claim for Capt. Haultain the mantle of the unfortunate Webb. They note the fact, also, that he was such a determined abstainer that when half dead and totally numbed with exhaustion he refused to swallow a spoonful of brandy. They exult, and with good reason, in the fact of this heroic swimmer being a native of the colony, and are justly proud that the bone and muscle and pluck capable of such a feat should be a production of their soil. The three-mile swim on a cold night in a storm would have been in itself no mean accomplishment, though far from being an unparalleled one; but when it was, as in this case, preceded by half an hour of waiting in the water for the boat to come back in clothes such as would have sent an ordinary swimmer to the bottom in five minutes, then supplemented by the extra task of disrobing under such circumstances, not to speak of the first futile attempts to reach the nearest shore, it would be hard to imagine a greater test of human indurance. Capt. Haultain has, it appears, been long noted as a famous swimmer. One of the New Zealand papers finishes up its account of the adventure thus: "His escape is quite phenomenal, but he is a phenomenal swimmer, being able literally to sit on the water with his hands at his hips paddling. This we are informed by many who have seen him giving an exhibition of his wonderful powers when lying with his vessel at the wharves."

An Arkansas Proposal.

[*Arkansaw Traveller.*]

"Can I have a few words with you, sir?" asked young Arthur Greggie, entering a richly carpeted office and addressing Col. Bibley.

"I suppose you can," the Colonel replied, nervously turning in his revolving chair and glancing at Arthur in a way so devoid of interest that the young man inwardly wished he had not sought an interview with the crusty old fellow.

"I will not detain you long, for I know that your time is well occupied——"

"It was well occupied," said the Colonel, "Whether or not it is well occupied——"

"Your sarcasm, Colonel, is lost on me. You could no doubt spend your time more profitably than by talking to me."

"No doubt," the Colonel assented.

"I am glad to see," said the young man, bowing, "that there *are* subjects on which we agree, and since you have unwittingly led me, step by step, to the very threshold of the subject in which above all others I desire your concurrence, I will at once open the door. I think that I would make an admirable son-in law. Do you agree with me?"

"I do. You would undoubtedly make a good son-in-law—of a donkey."

"Ah, I see. Then, pray, allow me to ask your daughter's hand in marriage."

The Colonel glared at the young man for a moment, and replied: "If impudence were wit, then I would regard you as capable of taking care of a wife."

"And if arrogance were generosity, then would I have had no hesitancy in approaching you."

"Ah, you are quite equal to an emergency. Do you love my daughter with a truth and depth of devotion which in future shall ever prevent any other love from arising to the surface; do you think that in after years, when your ambition has elevated you to the height of a longed-for eminence, that your love will be strong enough to keep pace with your advancement, and lift my child step by step as you yourself are lifted?"

"I do," solemnly said the young man, inclining his head in reverence.

"My daughter is loving, but not ambitious. In her life affection will be everything. Will you every speak cross to her?"

"Never."

"What assurance have I?"

"This, sir!" and the young man drew a bottle from his side pocket.

"What have we here? Kentucky?"

"Kentucky."

"Ah," said the Colonel, as he threw out a chew of tobacco and took the bottle. "Here's looking at you!"

"Drink hearty," the young man replied, and, taking the bottle, he held it up and added: "Here's to the hair off your head."

The marriage was solemnly celebrated, and the young man, who is a horse doctor, has begun to ascend the ladder of ambition.

The Culture of Wheat.

[*Germantown, Pa., Telegraph.*]

The greatest enemy of the wheat crop is too much water. It may be said that the wheat root is more susceptible to injury from too much water than many of us believe. To be sure, there is a general impression that an overdose of water is bad, but the full force of the impression is seldom felt as it deserves to be. Water lying around the roots does not always kill the wheat plant, but many of the roots are injured, and the few that are left are not able to do the work that all were intended to take part in doing. If any one will dig up a wheat plant in spring which has stood all winter in a wet place, he will see exactly how this is.

The English seem to understand this water injury better than we do, and provide against it on wheat lands by numerous furrows; in some cases of flattish land one-twentieth of the whole area may be counted as surface furrows; and yet with this waste of ground, as some would say, they beat us considerably in the number of bushels they get per acre.

It is supposed by many that whether we have a good wheat season or a bad one depends more on the quantity of rain we get at various seasons, or the condition of the ground, or of the plants at the time rain falls. If it goes away through the ground rapidly, it is good for the plant, though in large quantities, but if it lies long it is an injury. Thus, if a piece of land is rather flat and the ground is frozen deep and stays frozen after the upper portion has thawed, the frozen bottom keeps the water from passing away, and so injury results to the roots.

A FISSURE OF THE EARTH.

A Canon Five Miles Long Lined With the Homes of an Extinct Race.

[*Washington Post.*]

Mr. James Stevenson, of the Geological Survey, has reported to Maj. Powell, as one of the results of his field operations last season, the discovery of several more ruined cave and cliff cities, differing in some respects from any he had before examined. The most remarkable was a village of 65 underground dwellings, situated near the summit of one of the volcanic foot-hills of the San Francisco mountains, in the San Juan region of Arizona. The surface stratum of the hill had by exposure become hardened, and formed the common roof for the entire community. The dwellings were excavated after a common pattern, and a description of one gives an idea of the whole. They had no inter-communication beneath the surface, and were only accessible by means of square holes leading from the surface by a vertical shaft to the floor of the main room of the dwelling. Foot-rests—holes at convenient distances—along the sides of the shaft served the purposes of a stairway.

Descending the shaft, the explorers found themselves at the side of an oval-shaped, arched roofed room about twenty feet in its smallest diameter. At the ends and in the side opposite the entrance low doorways connected the main room with smaller rooms, the whole suite or dwelling consisting of four apartments. One of the smaller rooms had its floor excavated to a depth of two or three feet below those of the other rooms, and is supposed to have served the purpose of a store-room or cellar for the ancient occupant. The other small rooms may have been bed-rooms. A groove 18 inches deep by 15 in width, extending from the floor of the main room up one side of the shaft to the surface of the hill—its bottom filled with ashes and its sides blackened by smoke—formed the fireplace and chimney of the establishment.

Around the mouth of the shaft a stone wall was found, forming by its inclosure a kind of door-yard to the dwelling below. The wall doubtless served the double purpost of guarding against snow-slides, which might otherwise fill up the rooms and bury the occupants, and against the accidental fall of an inhabitant into his own or his neighbor's dwelling, upsetting the dinner-pot and possibly breaking his neck in the operation. Considerable debris was found in these ancient dwel ings, an examination of which led to the discovery of curios, illustrating some of the social and domestic customs of the extinct race. Stone mauls and axes, implements used in excavating the dwellings; pottery bearing a great variety of ornamentation, bone awls and needles of delicate workmanship, the metate or family grinding stone for grain, its well-worn surface indicating long use, shell and obsidian ornaments and implements of wood, the uses of which were undiscoverable, were among the trophies of the exploration. Search was made for a water-course or spring, but no appearance of the existence of water in the neighborhood during recent centuries was discovered. There were signs of intercommunication between this village and a cliff city some fifteen miles distant, also a new discovery, which indicated the contemporaneous inhabitancy of the two. This city, or rather cluster of villages, occupied the sides of a canon, which has recently been christened Walnut canon. It is an immense fissure in the earth, with nothing above the general level of the country to indicate its existence to the traveler until he stands upon the sides of its almost precipitous brink. The sides have been gullied by storms and torrents, leaving shallow, cave-like places of great length at different heights, along the bottoms of which, wherever the ledge furnished sufficient area, dwellings in groups or singly were built. The season was well advanced when the place was reached, and only little time was spent in its exploration. All the ancient methods of approach had been long before worn away, and access to the nearest of the groups of houses was a work of difficulty.

The group or village which was most narrowly examined was about three quarters of a mile in length, and consisted of a single row of houses, the common rear wall being the living rock, while the sides and fronts were made of large squared stones laid in clay. A narrow street or pathway extended along the entire front. Other and similar villages could be seen along the canon for a distance of five miles.

Among the relics found here was a wooden spindle whirl similar to those in use by the Pueblos of the present time, but unlike them in the apparent manner of its manufacture. Nothing indicating the use of metallic tools of any description was discovered. The surface of the wood of which the whirl was formed had apparently been charred and then ground down to the required size and shape by rubbing it upon sandstone. A shaft of reed similar to bamboo, a species entirely unknown in that region at this time, still remained in the whirl. It had been broken by the ancient workman and neatly mended by winding about it a piece of fine twine. The ends of this twine, being examined under the microscope, disclosed the fact that its fiber was very fine human hair. Articles of wood, corncobs, and even the perfect grain of corn, walnuts, bones of elk, antelope and wolf, portions of wearing apparel of a fabric resembling the mummy cloth of Egypt, but made of material unfamiliar to the explorers, and other perishable articles were found in abundance, buried in the piles of debris, which partially filled these deserted homes, and would at first thought seem to indicate somewhat recent inhabitancy. On the other hand, however, the preservative qualities of the atmosphere of this region are remarkable, and it is the belief of the explorers that centuries have elapsed since the last of the departed race or races occupied these old cities and villages as houses.

The absence of weapons of war, of works or defense, other than such as are constituted by the selection of almost inaccessible localities, of temples or idols, of hieroglyphics or pictures, together with the durability and solidity or the dwellings, so different from anything to be found in the handiwork of existing civilized races of that region, and the wide extent of these ruins, indicating existence of allied races covering large portions of the present territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah, as well as Northern Mexico, are the elements of the problems involved in the origin, history and disappearance of these races; problems which seem no nearer solution than when Coronado, nearly 400 years ago, made a rade for the purpose of conquest among these places and through his priests give to the world the first meagre accounts of them—then, as now, vacant and ruined.

The Darwinian Man.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "Princess Ida," produced in London Saturday night, has a number of clever songs. One of the best is when *Psyche* informs the audience that her sister students are Darwinians:

A lady fair, of lineage high,
Was loved by an ape in the days gone by—
The maid was radiant as the sun,
The ape was a most unsightly one—
So it would not do,
His scheme fell through,
For the maid, when his love took formal shape,
Expressed such terror,
At his monstrous error,
That he stammered an apology and made his 'scape.
The picture of a disconcerted ape.

With a view to rise in the social scale,
He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail,
He grew mustachios, and he took his tub,
And he paid a guinea to a toilet club—
But it would not do,
The scheme fell through—
For the maid was Beauty's fairest Queen,
With golden tresses,
Like a real princess',
Whilst the ape, despite his razor keen,
Was the apiest ape that ever was seen.

He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits
He crammed his feet into bright, tight boots,
And to start his life on a brand new plan,
He christened himself Darwinian Man!
But it would not do,
The scheme fell through,
For the maiden fair, whom the monkey craved,
Was a radiant Being,
With a brain far seeing,
While a shaved monkey, though well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

Who Wrote It?

[*Philadelphia Call.*]

Jones—"I see it stated that Mrs. Tennyson writes her husband's letters."

Smith—"Indeed! Then perhaps she writes some of his poetry."

Jones—"She certainly never wrote that last poem on 'Spring.'"

Smith—"No, of course not. How stupid of me! It must have been the cook."

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

ANY one of the "centrifugal cream separators" of the day is credited with the ability to make butter ready for the table within an hour of milking. In an account, which the Chicago *Breeder's Gazette* gives of the way of doing this, we are told that "the vessel containing the milk is made to revolve with great rapidity. The cream, being lighter than the milk, collects at the top and near the center. By simple contrivances, in some of the machines, there is a steady stream of milk entering the revolving vessel, the cream and skim-milk as steadily flowing out. It is found practicable to extract fully as much of the cream as by any ordinary method—it is claimed even more."

WHAT we stated was that "poultry fed on corn are not to be counted on for eggs in the winter season." Corn is not rich in what enters mainly into the composition of egg; wheat and oats are much better suited than corn for this particular use. Then, too, the breed is to be considered in this matter. If Leghorns are treated well they may be relied on to do a good amount of winter laying. In Stephens' Book of the Farm, the particular business here up for consideration is discussed. "I have," says Mr. Stephens, "said that eggs may be obtained in winter by good management. The young hens of the first broods in April will be old enough to lay eggs in winter. Some of these should be selected for the purpose, and when the period of laying approaches they should be encouraged by better feeding and warmer housing at night. Warm potatoes and cooked oats or wheat should now be fed twice a day—when they are let out in the morning and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Three or four young hens thus treated will lay as many eggs each day; and though the eggs are not so large as those of more matured fowls, being only the eggs of pullets, still they are fresh."

Raspberry Culture.

[*To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.*]

Within the past few years the culture of raspberries has completely changed. For many years growers attempted to cultivate the red kinds, but always with failure. I have purchased and petted at least twenty high-priced red varieties that were hardy at the North, yet they all proved tender here, and the canes would be destroyed with the first hard frost in the winter. We therefore were compelled to rely entirely on the black varieties or do without. At that time they were easily and cheaply grown; with culture or without a generous crop was sure. A simple shortening of the canes and tying to stakes in the spring, with a rough plowing or two, afforded all the culture either given or required.

But meanwhile a disease developed itself in Illinois among the blacks. The canes became affected with a fungus growth and would die back in the fall, and the crop became smaller, until the blacks ceased to pay enough for even ground rent. This disease spread to Kentucky and destroyed, or rather made unprofitable, whole acres of the black sorts until very few, if any, remained unaffected. The disease treated all kinds alike—Doolittle, Kentucky, Gregg and Mammoth Cluster—and, so far as I have been able to learn, there is no remedy for it.

Before the disease of black sorts arrived at its worst, Prof. Turner, of Illinois, discovered a productive red variety that was hardy in the South and perfectly healthy in every respect; added to which the berry is sweet, rich and of the highest flavor. It is of medium size and ripens, through a long season, from early to late. It took at once, and has been extensively planted in Kentucky and throughout the South.

Shortly after this a gentleman near New York City, Mr. Cuthbert, discovered another new variety, growing in his garden, of magnificent promise. It was at once introduced extensively under the names of Cuthbert and Queen of the market. This also has been planted extensively in Kentucky, and has come up to all that has been said in its favor. It is by far the finest raspberry ever cultivated in this vicinity, some measuring an inch in diameter. It is a rampant grower and immensely productive. It ripens late and is more acid than Turner, but can be classed as very good.

There is now another new variety claiming our attention, the Hansell. It is claimed, and the claim

[*Written Expressly for the Courier-Journal.*]

A SPLENDID STORY.

IN SPITE OF FATE.

BY DR. H. A. MOODY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BUDS BURST INTO BLOOM.

There are ladies and gentlemen who will not allow space upon their valuable grounds for roses to grow; because they are not, like cabbages, good to eat. There are other ladies and gentlemen who grow the roses, successfully, too, not because they prefer them to cabbages, but because other people, whose good opinion they value, seem to prize the flowers, and, by their example, have made the sweet and beautiful blossoms the proper thing. There are yet other ladies and gentlemen who, if compelled to choose between them, would cultivate the roses and bid the cabbages a regretful farewell. Such an extremity of devotion is not, however, demanded of contemporary humanity; and people generally, either for policy or for pleasure, grow cabbages in the kitchen garden and roses in front of the house, while some true-hearted lovers of beauty adorn their very turnip-rows with sweet shrubs and bright flowers. As it is with roses so is it with every one of the purely æsthetic emotions. Some repudiate them utterly; some tolerate them; some worship them. To many they are ridiculous affectations; to a multitude they are ornamental acquirements; to a few they are the molds and motives of their lives.

Those of my readers who are so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to belong to the better class, will think none the less of our hero if his history shall show, in its tardy development, that a heroic resolve, hastily taken, and indefensible from a business point of view, should become the pivot of his destiny; the turning point in his career. When the morning sun roused him from a placid slumber, his determination to make the winning of Constance the sole aim and object of his life, regardless of obstacles, dangers, or results, was none the less fixed than it had been when he had sought his couch on the preceding night. He did not even think of there being any alternative. When he met the family at breakfast, the face of Constance was, to him, the face of Destiny. Without formulating his sensations into words, he felt that for the future it was, with him, Constance, or ——. No wonder, therefore, that his countenance wore an expression of unusual seriousness; though it was tempered with a sweetness born of the cause. Mrs. Hardison noticed it, and, with the instinct of a true housekeeper, wondered if he had slept comfortably. Mr. Hardison saw it, and feared he was trespassing on his good nature in monopolizing the young man's time. "They are all alike," he mused; "they don't relish being taken away from the girls. Pity they don't know any better; as they will when they are as old as I am." Clara perceived it, and thought it but a remnant of last night's metaphysics. Constance felt it, and half guessed, half read the truth. There is an instinct that impels the bird to avoid her mate until his tireless wing shall overtake her; the doe to flee through pathless mazes, knowing full well that flight will not avail her. The same soft alarm fills a maiden's breast when first she finds herself pursued by the warm, unselfish love of him toward whom she can not feel indifference, and coyly she avoids him, dreading her capture much, but fearing still more to offend him.

Thus Constance, usually so cold, reserved and equipoised, became this morning a little conscious and confused. She ate her muffin in silence, replying to direct remarks in a tone rather lower and more soft than usual; and early excused herself and retreated to her chamber, not daring to meet a second glance of his dark, purposeful eyes. She was truly thankful that he would be employed during the morning, and that at dinner, and after, the jolly Markoes would afford an ample protection against irresistible assaults. So she kept her chamber until she was certain Mr. Hardison and Roscoe had mounted their horses and ridden away. Then she came forth, radiant, and entered the rockaway with the two boys. The elder, named William, Jr., but euphoniously called Bill, was in his glory, for he drove the ponies that drew them; but his glory was of short duration, for, saving his attention frequently diverted from his occupation by such overwhelming incidents as deserving an unfinished mocking-bird's nest, seeing a squirrel on the fence, and discovering a spotted snake crawling among the bushes, besides other curiosities of lesser importance, he finally picked up a rail with one of the wheels and broke out several spokes. When the immediate alarm caused by the accident had subsided, he began to be afflicted with a wholesome apprehension of the wrath to come, and the remainder of the ride afforded him but little food for pleasant reflections or anticipations. The day passed as such days generally do. The surveyors came in late to dinner. The tempest of welcoming exclamations with which Constance had been received had long ago subsided; the subjects of dress, ball, parties, Miss Johnson, Maj. Carey, the Moores, and the Hardisons had all been discussed; and while the little black-eyed Mrs. Markoe fidgeted over a cooling dinner and wondered why they did not come, Constance wondered if, when they did come, Roscoe's face would wear the peculiar expression that had so discomposed her at breakfast. She was astonished and indignant at herself for being thus flattered. She who had never before had a lip to quiver or an eyelid to tremble! And when at last he came it was still there, though somewhat disguised by the flush of exercise and fatigue. After dinner there was, of course, the usual amount of desultory conversation, and finally the inevitable announcement that it was time to go home, persevered in in spite of hospitable remonstrances. Now came the excruciating torment of discovery to the unfortunate William, Jr. Constance had determined to say nothing about the accident to the carriage, and had taken her seat and bidden the Markoes good-bye, when Mr. Hardison, running his eye over horses, harness and vehicle, with that comprehensive glance known only to practical drivers, that can see nothing that is all right, but everything that is at all wrong, discovered the broken spokes. Uttering an exclamation of unpleasant surprise, he asked an explanation. William, Jr., being thus roughly interrogated by William, Sr., could only reply with tears, which, though answering very well as exclamation points or dashes, are not specifically intelligible without some written or spoken words preceding him. Constance, however, acted as his interpreter, and gave Mr. Hardison an account of the accident that presented young William in the character of a victim rather than that of a culprit.

"Well, it's in a bad fix now, anyhow," was his final conclusion. "I'm afraid for Bill to undertake the drive home, and, if you won't mind it, Owen, I'll get you to drive, and let him ride your horse."

As Roscoe had no objections to this arrangement, and as no one else expressed any, it was soon effected. He laughingly stipulated, however, that Constance should occupy the front seat with him, leaving the youngest Hardison in indisputed possession of the back seat. To this the young Hardison strenuously objected, but Mr. Hardison soon settled the matter satisfactorily by placing him astride the horse behind his brother. The boys then rode on in front, and the carriage, being considered in a critical condition, slowly followed.

"I m glad you're on the front seat, Constance," said Mr. Hardison, as they started. "If Owen had to look back every time he wanted to see you, the rockaway wouldn't go far, certain," and, with a merry twinkle, he turned to go to the house, when an afterthought seemed to strike him, and he called to them to stop a minute.

"What is it?" inquired Roscoe

"I only wanted to ask if you were sure you wouldn't forget the way," he laughingly shouted.

"Perhaps I may," was the reply; "but if I do you must acknowledge that I have a good excuse."

For at least five minutes they drove slowly along without either having uttered a word. Then, with a touch of self-contempt in his voice, he said: "Why is it, that when I would be most entertaining and companionable, my tongue fails me, and my wits seem wrapped in an impenetrable mantle of stupidity? Here I sit, like an insensate image at your side, unable to offer a word; when in other society, utterly valueless when compared with yours, my tongue needs the bridle more than the spur. Even the young boy would have been better company for you an I am."

"I appropriate a part of the condemnation to myself," she replied, "for I have been as silent as you accuse yourself of having been."

"Ah! but there is a vast difference, for all that."

"In what respect?" she asked.

"In this," he said in a voice quivering with suppressed feeling. "You know, you see, you feel, that your mere presence by my side affords me more pleasure than could the wit and wisdom of all the rest of the world combined."

Then, noticing her startled glance, he continued:

"Forgive my hasty words. Yet why should they not be spoken? They convey to your understanding nothing that you do not already know. Your eyes have looked into my heart and seen that it bears your image and superscription. I render it unto you, for it is yours. Do not look coldly upon me, I pray," he pleaded, as she turned a serious countenance toward him. "Do not speak yet, I entreat. Remember that you did not forbid me to hope, when we parted last fall. Think a moment, how much a part of my existence has become this love whose avowal seems so premature to you. I have lived on it for half a year. It has been a part of my thoughts all the time, all the time. Whether I wrote, or read, or taught, or mused, or prayed, your queenly image has been with me. I have hoped! hoped to hear from you through Clara; hoped to meet you with the advent of spring; hoped to be with you, as I am now. All these hopes have had fruition, but one remains ungratified. I have hoped to win your love. That is the sun of hope to me. Do not tell me to hope no longer, for then, indeed, there will be naught but desolation before me."

He ceased speaking and there was silence. She uttered not a word, but sat looking straight before her with a sad and troubled gaze. Roscoe endured it as long as he could, but his torture was more than he could bear.

"Will you not even speak to me!" he asked, huskily.

"What can I say!" she replied, in a low, unsteady voice.

"Say that you do not despise me for my precipitation," he entreated.

"You wrong me in even thinking of such a thing," she answered.

"I thank you," he murmured, fervently. "I wish I could say how very much."

There was another interval of silence. Roscoe glanced timidly at her face. It seemed to him that the pensive, downward look had nothing in it of severity. He felt a little relieved and ventured farther.

"You are so different from other women that I can not believe there exists your counterpart. You so completely realize my ideal of grace, and dignity, and loveliness, and goodness that the bare thought of failing to win you fills me with terror. It seems almost a miracle to me to find, combined in one person, the two qualities that have alone been attractive to me in woman."

"And what are they?" she inquired, with pardonable curiosity.

"A beautiful person, and an exalted nature," he replied. "I do not hesitate to admit that your beauty alone, unrivaled as it is, could never have forced me so utterly to love you: it is none the less true that that beauty is an irresistible ally to the noble character that accompanies it. Together, they have inspired my future life with its sole object—to love you, and to win and keep your love. Last night, as we talked in the parlor, I felt that our hearts were nearing each other; but to-day you have seemed far off from me. Forgive my importunity; but why will you not try to care for me?"

Trembling at his own audacity, he awaits his sentence. She hesitated a moment before replying. Then she said softly: "I have always believed that the act of caring for one in the way you mean, was not an act of the will nor obedient to an effort. Therefore, if the regard comes not of its own accord, it is needless to 'try.'"

"It is true! You are right!" he exclaimed with a tone of despair; "I have asked in vain for what you cannot give me."

His pale face; his quivering mouth, with its drawn expression; his despairing eyes, were something pitiful to see; all the more so for his evident attempt at self control.

"What was it that you asked of me?" she said, and her voice sounded wondrously soft and kind.

"I asked your love," he said in a dry, strained, unnatural tone. He was determined to hide his weakness. This proud woman might know, did know, that she had wounded him, but should not know how deeply. She should not see that it was even unto death. Again came the soft, sweet tones:

"Oh, no! you asked me to try, which would be useless, if it were necessary, but it is not."

For the first time since they started she turned the gaze of her wonderful dark eyes full upon his. What speak those heavy drops that tremble on either long silken eyelash, contradicting the subdued and tremulous smile that agitates those incomparable lips? And that daintily-gloved right hand that so coyly yet frankly rests in his own astonished palm; what gift bringeth it?

The blood rushed back from his heart to cheek and lip. Hope, no longer fainting, sprung to his hazel eyes, and looked forth dazzlingly radiant.

"Am I awake?" he exclaimed, in a bewilderment of bliss. "Is it possible that you—love me?"

"Indeed," she stammered, blushing and smiling, "I can not wonder at your astonishment, for we have known each other so little. I have striven against it; indeed I have," and her tone was intensely earnest as she tried to vindicate her maiden modesty. "But when you said last night that our souls were mated, I felt that it was true; for no other supposition can explain to me our strong and sudden liking for each other."

"It is true," said Roscoe, solemnly. "I felt it from that night when you first played for me. 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

Trembling with emotion, he pressed the unresisting hand to his lips. The caress was light as down; delicate as a roseleaf; reverent as a prayer.

"What have I done to deserve this crowning blessing?" he murmured, gazing rapturously on her blushing face; "or is it true that our Father bestows His gifts as He wills, regardless of desert? I am faint with happiness. See how my hand trembles!"

The hand from which she now gently withdrew her own was indeed trembling perceptibly, and so even were his lips as he spoke. She leaned back against the railing of the seat with a happy little sigh. "It is pleasant to be loved so earnestly," she murmured; "but can it last? You told me a few minutes ago that personal beauty was an attraction to you. When the passing seasons steal from the peach its bloom, will you not forget to-day? Will not your love become a mere matter of habit, of form?"

"I can not conceive such a possibility," he answered, earnestly. "No woman's woman is offended with her lover for admiring her person equally with her mind and heart. It is beauty's due. But when she has once won a love worthy of acceptance, it is hers forever. No annihilation of mere personal charms can extinguish the immortal emotion. Though she may become deformed and ugly to all others, to him she remains the woman he loves. If he be artist enough to paint her portrait, he will idealize it beyond the recognition of her other friends; but to him it will be her very self. Beauty entices love, but love survives it."

"And is it really thus that you love me?" she asked, in a low, wondering tone. "I know not why you should."

"Constance," he said. She started, at thus hearing her name fall unheralded from his lips, and blushed anew, but was not offended. "I have been warned by one who I believe is both your friend and mine, that it is woe to me to love you; that whatever understanding might exist between us, you might tire of it and cast me aside ruthlessly. I know you better. I know that your nature is too earnest to trifle, and too kind to be wantonly cruel; and, if you destroy me, it will not be, in your estimation, without cause. But should you do even as was foretold to me, I should not cease to love you. Though you wreck my whole life; though you arouse my just indignation and anger against you; though I shake from my feet the very dust you tread upon, I shall love you still. It is forever. Forever."

She sighed deeply, with content. "It is thus I have always longed to be loved," she said. "I believe you implicitly. I dare not doubt. If you are what you have always seemed to me, our friend," and her lip curled with proud scorn, "will never have the opportunity to say, 'I told you so.'"

"Such as I am, you know me," he replied. "I have no secrets from your uncle or his family; and, doubtless, they have told you what little there is to tell about me."

She bowed assent.

"I regret my lost means sometimes, but that is the only regret I know; and, by-the-way, how very glad I am that you are rich." He turned suddenly toward her as he spoke, with such a merry, quizzical smile upon his face that she laughed outright, and he could not refrain from laughing also. Pure, earnest, unworldly hearts! They understood each other completely. In that smile he had expressed perfectly to her his careless contempt for the outcry that gossips would be sure to set up when their new relations became known. Their happy laughter was a song without words, challenging the outside world to shake their faith in each other by any reference to filthy lucre. They were too happy for laughter, however, and soon resumed their conversation. What pen can describe that interchange of thought! It was like the sudden and perfect union of chemical affinities. It was the gentle interlacing of graceful thoughts akin. It was as when, after long wanderings and many troubles, the fabled Alpheus and Arethusa became a single stream.

Before they came in sight of Mr. Hardison's they had achieved sufficient practicability to decide upon certain things that imperatively demanded consideration. First they agreed, at the earnest solicitation of Constance, that the new relation should not, as yet, be made public.

"It is not that I care for gossip," she said; "that will flourish under any arrangement. But I dread the sensation consequent upon a sudden announcement."

Therefore they arranged that he should pay her such marked attentions that none could mistake his designs, and that after a proper time thus consumed the engagement should be announced.

Next they relegated the subject of marriage to some future time, when the embarrassments preceding it should have been disposed of.

Finally she told him that they had promised to tell Clara of any engagement she made of this nature whenever formed, but pledged her own faith as security of Clara's secrecy.

Roscoe smiled at this latter assertion.

"Be it as you will," he said. "Our secret is preserved only because you wish it. I shall glory in the day when I can proclaim it to the world."

CHAPTER XIX.

A DRY EVENING.

"Got home safe, did you?" was Mr. Hardison's greeting, as they drove to the gate. He had reached home long before them, by taking short cuts through fields and woods and riding rapidly, as was his habit.

"All right, I think," replied Roscoe, handing Constance tenderly to the ground.

"Didn't forget the way home, did you?" continued his host banteringly.

"I assure you, Mr. Hardison," said Roscoe, solemnly, "that I have not once thought of the road since I left you; and if it had not been for the good sense of your horses, we might have been half way to X— now, for all I knew about which way they were traveling."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Hardison. "Not easy to tease, is he Constance?"

"So it seems," she replied, very much amused.

That night, after supper, Constance complained of fatigue and did not come to the parlor. She wanted to think. Her brain was almost dizzy with the crowd of new sensations that oppressed her. Clara wished to remain with her, but Constance would not allow it. "You must entertain Mr. Owen," she said; "and you may tell him that I asked you to do so."

Clara looked at her wonderingly, but obeyed without questioning. When she reached the parlor she found no one there but Roscoe and Miss Johnson. He was talking to her very earnestly about her life in New Orleans; about the contrast between it and the unpretentious comforts of Mr. Hardison's home, and about the good fortune of being permitted to enjoy the companionship of Miss Hardison. Miss Johnson was speaking as she drew her chair near to them.

"I have had much experience with young ladies," she was saying. "I have followed the profession of an educator for many years. In all that time I have never seen the equal of Miss Hardison in modesty, dignity and intelligence, and in consideration for those in any degree dependent upon her."

"You are right," said Roscoe, earnestly. "And underneath the dignified exterior she carries a warm and womanly heart, that is the chiefest and most precious of all her possessions."

"She sent me here to entertain you, Mr. Owen," said Clara, "but you and Miss Johnson seem to have found a pleasant subject to talk about already."

"I know of none more so," he said quickly.

"Well, I declare. Did you hear that, Miss Johnson? I've thought several times that Mr. Owen was falling in love with her and I believe I was right."

"What if I should say you were right!" he said, laughingly.

Clara looked at him searchingly a moment and then replied:

"Why then I should know I was mistaken, for if I was right you wouldn't own it."

"That's pretty good philosophy, is it not, Miss Johnson?" he asked, banteringly.

"I think there is much reason in the observation," replied Miss Johnson; "for I have heard and read that concealment is generally practiced under such circumstances. I only judge by hearsay, however, for, personally, I have never had any experience of the kind."

"I wish you could have heard them talking what they called metaphysics, last night," said Clara.

"Ah!" said Miss Johnson, primly. "A very improving exercise of the mind; though beyond the readiness and strength acquired by the exercise, of very little practical use. Were you discussing general or special metaphysics, Mr. Owen?"

"I think it was very remarkably special," interposed Clara, laughingly, dreading a resumption of the uncongenial theme. She need not have feared it, however, for Roscoe was as anxious to avoid such a discussion as was she, and rather abruptly he asked her to sing for him. She gladly complied with his request, and ere she rose from the piano Mr. and Mrs. Hardison came in, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Romance of the Rhine.

[*Albany Journal.*]

Nestling on the banks of the Esopus creek, at its confluence with the Hudson, its "long dock" cleaving the shallows of the river for half a mile, and Saugerties Light standing like a faithful sentinel at the water gate, beautiful for situation in its environment of mountain, valley and river, and the joy of many a loving and loyal heart, old Saugerties present an inviting field for investigation alike to the lover of natural beauty, the antiquarian and the bustling utilitarian, intent only upon the excitement and business of the present day. Here the storied Catskills, with lordly curve, sweep nearest to the Hudson; here are the foot hills, miniature mountains, forest crowned and beautiful; here are lovely reaches, where for many miles the eye may see the flashing river with its ever changing panorama, and here does our Esopus linger at our feet in its journey from its far away mountain home. And what wealth of antiquarian relic and lore may not be found in the low-browed and broad-beamed old stone mansions that so plentifully abound, relics of the old colonial days, the birth places and homes of the ancestors of many of our present inhabitants, around whose memories are woven many a weird and fanciful tale of romance, adventure and danger. Stories of the dark and bloody days when our beautiful borders were the coverts and lurking places of savage beasts, and still more savage tribes, and when every man's house was in reality his castle, where, when occasion required, he could from within the stout looped walls repel an attack and defend his dear ones. In these old hospitable homes dwelt the Kiersteps, the Overbaughs, the Mynderses, and the Schoonmakers. Some old Hollanders from the Zuyder Zee, some of German descent, some refugees from the Rhine and Palatinates, with here and there a sturdy Hessian hireling who, finding it impossible to conquer the new country, found it a pleasant place to settle in; these and many others found homes in the shadows of our mountains and by the side of our river, and their descendants form a large and influential portion of our population today. A recent event in the Schoonmaker family has directed attention to the fact that its accomplished daughter, Miss Leda M. Schoonmaker, had wedded a distinguished German nobleman and become Countess of Crockow. It may interest your readers to hear the romantic story of this young American girl, who, impelled by a desire for greater educational advantages and culture than her own home afforded, crossed the ocean, entered a school for the education of young ladies under the patronage of the Empress of Germany, who became her friend and favored her with an autograph letter of womanly sympathy. In time she became the protege of the Countess of Crockow, a lady of wealth and high position, who wished to adopt her as her own; but the young girl yearned for her own friends and her pleasant home on the Hudson, and returned, enriched by her experience of foreign travel, to win distinguished honors in the literary world, becoming the center of a large and admiring circle of friends, a regular attendant of the church of her ancestors and a faithful teacher in the Sunday-school. After the death of the Countess, and the appropriate period of mourning had expired, the bereaved nobleman longed for the sympathy and companionship of the young American and offered to share with her his rank and fortune, an offer to which she did not lend a deaf ear, and so the piquant, graceful and agreeable Saugerties girl is now Countess of Crockow, with all the honors and dignities which the name implies.

A NOTED GAMBLER.

[*Ben: Perley Poore.*]

A feature of Washington, ante-bellum, at Christmas, was the magnificent supper provided for his patrons and the public by Pendleton, the prince of gamblers, at his superbly furnished rooms on Pennsylvania avenue, known to its frequenters as "The Halls of the Bleeding Heart," while he preferred the appellation of "The Palace of Fortune."

Pendleton was at the head of his profession. He died too young for his fame, for he was gathering a reputation that would have borne him golden fruit. His establishment in Washington, called the Mother Bank, did not engross his active genius. He had branch establishments in Baltimore and New York. As a professional man his rules were rigid and his conduct was upright. He was noted for a strong adherence to his principles, which were never to lend when his antagonist was "broke," and never to play for anything but cash. He was somewhat noted for his ostentation, for, indeed, display was a part of his capital, and accordingly "sported" an equipage which quite cast the most aspiring into the shade, and by the elegance and magnificence of its ensemble, provoked multitudes of persons of refined tastes to inquire for the business apartments of its owner. Few visited those hospitable halls without having occasion to remember it. The professional life of the subject of this notice extended through a period of a quarter of a century. The fortunes and salaries of many gentlemen of distinction passed through his hands, but his surest gains were from the hands of men who had no fortunes and no distinction. He belonged to an elevated family of Virginia, and he had his distributive share of the "best blood of the State." President Buchanan attended his funeral.

Pendleton's "rooms" were hung with spirited and meritorious pictures, and the art of carving was carried to great perfection in the side-boards, secretaries and tables which served the various purposes of the establishment. The dining and supper-tables were loaded with plate of the pure metal. The cooking would not have shamed the genius of Soyer, and it is universally admitted that the wines were such as could only have been selected by a connoisseur. This incomparable provider had $10,000 invested in his cellar and his closet. It is unnecessary to describe the rooms further than to say that they were lofty and well-proportioned, and that their halls were covered with pictorial transfers from the world of mythology and allegory, executed in the highest style of the upholsterer's art.

The people who nightly assembled to see and take part in the entertainments of the house consisted of candidates for the Presidency, Senators and Representatives, members of the Cabinet, editors and journalists, and the master workmen of the third house, the lobby. Pendleton's, in its palmiest days, might be called the vestibule of the lobby. Its most distinguished professors might be found there. They lent money to their clients when the "animal scratched too roughly," that is to say, when the play ran against them, and they became "broke," as they sometimes did. E. H. P. himself was an operator in the lobby. His professional position gave him great facilities. He assisted in the passage of many useful bills of a private nature, involving considerable sums of money. A broker in parliamentary notes is an inevitable retainer of broken voters.

In the outer parlors, as midnight approached, might have been seen leading members of Congress quietly discussing the day's proceedings, the prospects of the parties, and the characters of public men. A few officers of the army added to the number and variety of the groups which occupied this apartment. Here all were drinking, smoking and talking, generally in a light and jocose vein. Servants were gliding about with cigars, toddies, cocktails, and "whisky straights" on little silver trays. Among them were two old "Virginia" darkies, very obliging and popular, who picked up many quarters and halves, and not a few "white fish," representing $1 each.

But the third room was the haunt of the Tiger! The company around the faro table would be playing mostly with counters of red, circular ivory, called fish or chip, each of which represented $5. A few who were nearly "broke" were using white ones of one-fifth this value. The players were silent as the grave, because some of them were "in great luck," and large piles of red chips were standing upon different cards to abide the event of the deal, which indicated that they had been won from the bank; but alas! the close of the deal was unfavorable, and before the little silver box, from which the cards are drawn, yielded the last of the pack, the most of the red piles had been drawn to the bank side. But some of them have doubled, and the owner drew them down as his capital for the chances of the next deal. If he had great good fortune and some prudence, he, the possessor of the red pile before named, would leave the house with a few hundreds or thousands of dollars; but the chances were that between midnight and dawn the gamesters would all retire minus the money.

She Got the Earnings.

[*Washington Critic.*]

As the *Critic* strolled into the House of Representatives this morning, a new member said:

"I can give a good story if you won't use the names."

"All right," replied the scribe, "let's have it."

"Well, my colleague, as you know, and myself are both new members, and when we came here at the beginning of this session we came to stay until the session had done its work and adjourned. Consequently we brought our wives. Now, both his wife and mine had heard of Washington before we came. They had heard of women coming up here and sending in their cards to members. So we had not been here long before my wife reminded me that she did not want me to be getting up and going out in answer to a card from a woman unless I knew her. My colleague's wife made the same demand of him. We promised them that their requests should be complied with. 'But,' said my wife, 'suppose a card comes in, what are you going to do; how are you going to get out of answering it?' I told her we would send the party word we were not in, go into the cloak-room and sit there to keep them from seeing us from the gallery. Well, everything went along smoothly until the day the committees were announced. Our wives told us they would not be at the Capitol that day. We went up, took our seats, which are close together, and in a few minutes after the House had been in session my colleague was handed by a messenger a card, upon which was neatly and elegantly written the name, Miss Lillie B——. Now, my colleague knew it was not his wife's handwriting. In fact, he thought he knew she was not at the Capitol. He went out and looked around for the lady two or three minutes, when he discovered a lady dressed in black, heavily vailed, standing over in one corner. He walked up to her and addressed her, when the vail was raised and disclosed his wife's features. She had arrayed herself in a dress with which the husband was not familiar. She began to upbraid him for answering the calls of ladies he did not know. He immediately went down town with her, and now she wears diamond ear-rings, for which he paid $350. It was a put-up job, but you may bet your life he won't be caught again."

A Valet's Two Literal Obedience.

[*Boston Journal.*]

A good story told at the expense of a certain couple well known in Parisian society. Madame de Z. has for the last year or two always arrived at parties and balls in the company of Monsieur X., which, as the French say, has rather encouraged one little scandal that might have been afloat about them previously. At one of the houses where these good persons were often received, the *valet de pied*, a stupid fellow, was in the habit of announcing "Madame de Z. *and* Monsieur X." His mistress corrected him, remarking, "You must say Madame de Z. *alone*, and then Monsieur X." "*Yes bien*," said the domestic.

A few afternoons later the lady called, as luck would have it, without her faithful cavalier, and she was ushered into the drawing-room, which was filled with ladies, with this stentorian announcement from the valet: "Madame de Z., *alone!*"

THE MAN WHO WAS LEFT.

[*Will J. Lampton.*]

Ten maids there were,
Each one as fair
As the other nine.
Ten stars so bright
In lovely light
Each other did outshine.

A tender swain,
With puzzled brain,
Lifts up his wailing voice,
And in despair
He tears his hair
That he can't make a choice.

"Wail not!" they cried,
"Nor woe betide,
But rather do rejoice
That other ten
Much better men
Than you have made a choice."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reprinted from the Weekly Courier-Journal—Only a Limited Number of Letters Answered—No Attention Paid to Communications not Accompanied by the Name of the Writer.

To Correspondents.

1.—Do not write anonymous letters. Give full name and post-office address to enable us to reply by mail if we deem such a course best. 2. Write on one side of the paper only. 3. Do not use abbreviations nor ask trivolous questions. 4. We can not give opinions upon the responsibility or character of business firms of Louisville or elsewhere. 5. Do not send arithmetical problems or grammatical questions. 6. Inclose stamp or card for reply to questions of a personal nature. 7. Persons asking questions through this department should confine their inquiries to the least possible number. It is better to ask only one or two questions at a time, and those relating to agriculture or the farm and home should always be separate from miscellaneous inquiries. We want to impress on our readers also the fact that they should only make inquiries on topics of general interest. It is unjust to our thousands of readers that space should be taken up in the paper in answering questions of no concern to any one save the person who writes them. Time can not be taken to cut off questions made part of a letter to the business department, and all such will remain unanswered. OVER THREE QUESTIONS AT ONE TIME WILL PREVENT AN ANSWER TO ANY OF THEM.

VANCEBURG, KY.—A Methodist minister, a week or two ago, said in his sermon that there were twenty-five Methodists to one Baptist. Please answer by giving the number of Methodists and Baptists. D. S. E.

Answer—The American Almanac classifies the Methodists as Methodist Independents—Churches, 13; ministers, 14; members, 2,100. Primitive Methodists—Churches, 121; ministers, 50; members, 3,370. Methodists, Protestant—Churches, 1,501; ministers, 2,120; members, 118,170. Methodists, Wesleyan—Churches, 260; ministers, 472; members, 17,847. Baptists—Churches, 24,784 ministers, 15,401; members, 2,123,044. Anti-missionary Baptists—Churches, 1,090; ministers, 888; members, 40,000. Free-will Baptists—Churches, 1,485; ministers, 1,230; members, 76,706. Seventh-day Baptists—Churches, 87; ministers, 100; members, 8,606. Baptists, Six Principles—Churches, 20; ministers, 17; members, 2,075. You can make your own estimate from these statistics.

LOUISVILLE.—In your answer to J. D. Frazer, Scottsville, Ky., you state that Columbus discovered San Domingo Friday, October 12, 1492, and that he never discovered America at any time. In both statements you are mistaken. C. B. S.

Answer—1. Columbus discovered land on the 12th of October, 1492. He knew what time he discovered it, and that is the day he gives. He had not a chronometer in all his fleet, and could not have felt any certainty about midnight. We had what Richard Grant White calls an attack of heterophemy, and wrote San Domingo, when we should have written another name. Light was not land, any more than the floating weeds that Columbus spied. 2. Nor do we think that Columbus had any more agency in discovering South America than Americus Vespucci. But we should have spoken of North America when we said Columbus did not discover America. We should have said he did not discover North America.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.—Give a few points about "Thomas Chatterton," the poet. How old was he when he died? I have read somewhere that the best poems, of which he claimed to be the author, after his death were discovered to be plagiarisms. How was it? L. A. L.

Answer—He was a prodigy of genius and misfortune. T. Warton says "He would have been the first of English poets had he reached a mature age." His works were reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review*, in a noble criticism by Sir Walter Scott. At the age of eight he was considered a dull boy, but he soon threw off all signs of the kind. He wrote poetry, which he ascribed to a monk named Rowley, of a former age. He went to London and was employed by the newspapers and the publishers. He was not a plagiarist, for there were few who equaled him. He wrote to his mother that his prospects in London were brilliant. A number of his poems have survived him, and they are well worth reading. He was born in 1752, and in August, 1770, he was found dead in his bed, either from starvation or suicide. He perished at the age of 18.

LAWRENCEVILLE, BRUNSWICK COUNTY, VA.—1. Please inform me what are the remaining lines of that lovely poem entitled "The Sailor Boy's Dream," only two verses of which I remember and quote below. 2. Who is its author and where is it found? The lines run thus:

"In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
While memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call."

C. H. WILLIAMS.

Answer—1. William Dimond, an English poet and dramatic writer, who died in 1813, is the author of "The Sailor Boy's Dream." You will perceive that we have corrected in a number of places your quoted lines, even filling an entire line in the third stanza, which you left out. There are ten additional stanzas to the poem beyond those you quote. 2. We can furnish to you the entire poem, with the addition of 106 pages of very interesting and instructive reading matter, at thirty cents.

WILLONIA, TRIGG CO., KY.—Did Jane Porter write any books except "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw?" If so, please name them. S. R. B.

Answer—She wrote many other works than those you name—such as "The Pastor's Fireside," "Duke Christian of Lunburgh" at the request of George the Fourth, who furnished her documents; "Hunter-Combe, in Tales Around a Winter's Hearth;" "The Field of Forty Footsteps." Her grandest achievement was in the composition of Sir Edward Seaward's narrative of his shipwreck and consequent discovery of certain islands in the Caribbean Sea, with a detail of many extraordinary events in his life, from the year 1733 to 1747, as written in his own diary, edited by Miss Jane Porter. It was republished in New York in a new edition in 1841. This was one of the cleverest fictions ever written. A critic went on a voyage of discovery among Admiralty records, Indian maps, geography, etc., and in the London *Quarterly Review* he solemnly says: "We are compelled to state that, notwithstanding its solemn and almost sacred character, it is neither more nor less than a pure, unmitigated fiction from first to last." The review world of Europe were completely taken in by it. When some one pressed her for more information on the subject than her book contained, she archly replied: "Sir Walter Scott had his great secret; I must be allowed to keep my little one." If our correspondent can procure these works he will be well repaid for the trouble and expense.

DEWITT, ARK.—Will you please explain through your valuable column all you deem necessary to enable your many readers to understand about the Peabody fund appropriated by him for schools. W. A. M.

Answer—We are indebted to the Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond, Va., for circulars and extracts containing the following information. Dr. Curry is the General Agent of the Peabody Education Fund, and all applications for aid should be addressed to him. George Peabody, the enlightened and beneficent founder of the trust which bears his honored name, was a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of London, where he accumulated a large fortune. With characteristic sagacity, he was among the first to foresee the evils which would be entailed on the Southern States by the ravages of the war, and the consequent inability of the people of those States to extend to the rising generation the blessings of education. Discarding every feeling of a sectional character and acting with a magnanimity almost without a parallel in history, he dedicated several millions of dollars of his private fortune "to be held by trustees (named by himself) and their successors, and the income thereof used and applied, in their discretion, for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral and industrial education among the young of the more destitute portions of the Southern and Southwestern States of our Union, his purpose being that the benefits intended should be distributed among the entire population, and without other distinction than their needs and the opportunities of usefulness to them.

"Although," says Dr. Curry, "the process of administration has been in operation since 1837, and twenty full reports have been published, much misapprehension exists as to the intention of Mr. Peabody, the amount of the fund, and the oft-declared policy of the Trustees. Numerous applications of a wide variety of objects come to me nearly every day. Letters constantly come asking help for Sunday-schools, for building and furnishing school-houses, for agency work, for lecturers, for indigent pupils, for denominational schools, for libraries, for authors, for colleges, etc., etc.

"Mr. Peabody's gift, unparalleled in aim or scope by any previous or subsequent individual gift for education, was intrusted to distinguished gentlemen, selected by himself, who were empowered to use and apply the income for the promotion and encouragement of education among the young of the most destitute portions of the Southern and Southwestern States.' Mr. Peabody left '*an absolute discretion to the Trustees as to the localities in which the funds should be expended, and was careful to negative the idea that* the benefits of the fund were to be distributed upon any measure of proportion among the States, or that any State had any claim to a distributive share.

"The Education Fund was not intended as a charity to the poor; nor is it to be distributed in proportion to population, nor on the basis of indigence or illiteracy. To distribute on the basis of destitution or illiteracy would fail of giving any effectual relief or producing any permanent results. To distribute per capita, according to aggregate population or school population, would hardly buy a McGuffey's Reader for each child.

"At an early period two related plans, which have been preservingly adhered to, were decided on by the Trustees—first, to aid special schools coming with certain prescribed conditions, and, secondly to aid in training teachers for public schools. The object kept steadily in view was the encouragement of a permanent system of free schools, and the only feasible or possible mode of accomplishing this object was to act in conjunction with State systems of instruction as soon as organized, and through State officers responsible to their constituents. This co-operation has not been departed from, and the various Superintendents of Public Instruction have much lightened the labors of the general agents, and have shown a zeal, ability and patriotism which the people, whom they served should not be slow to recognize and honor.

"As the income of the fund does not exceed $100,000 annually, only a few schools can be aided, and a special arrangement must be made with them through the State Superintendents. In making a selection schools located at influential points have the preference, and all schools aided must be free, be properly graded, must have at least one hundred pupils, with one teacher for every fifty, and must continue in session nine or ten months. In no instance has the entire or chief cost of maintaining schools been met by the Trustees. Funds are given to stimulate and encourage those who provide for the principal part of the expense. To help those who help themselves has been considered as the most effective plan in producing 'a permanent and self-sustaining system of popular education.' As Dr. Sears said in 1867, 'It appears to be best and most congenial to our forms of government to have the schools supported in part from a State fund, but chiefly by local taxation.'

"As soon as a State or a community shows an ability and willingness to sustain free schools Peabody aid is withdrawn. Applications for aid must be made before or near the beginning of the school year, and have the approval of the local school officers, and the State Superintendent. There was distributed from October, 1882, to October, 1883, $71,175, of which Alabama received $5,775; Arkansas, $4,050; Florida, $2,925; Georgia, $5,900; Louisiana, $2,125; Mississippi, $4,400; North Carolina, $8,350; South Carolina, $4,225; Tennessee, $12,600; Texas, $15,600; Virginia, $4,125; West Virginia, $3,100."

N. W., OF NEW CASTLE,